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Vol. CCXIV.

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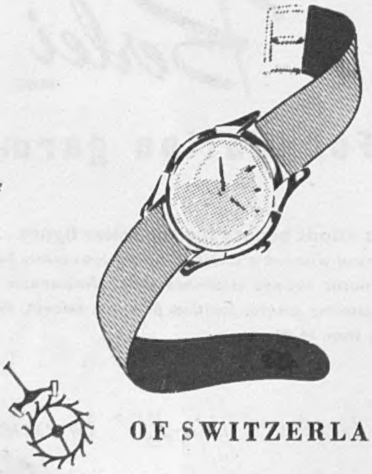
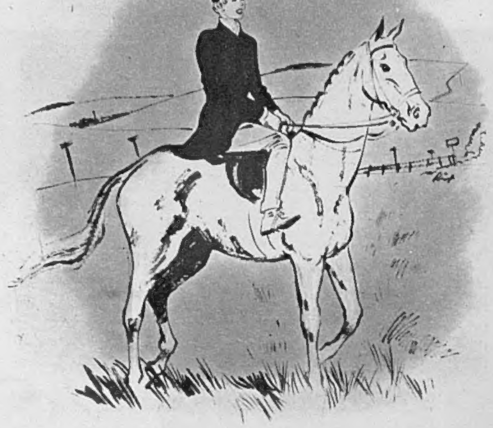


The **WATCHMAKERS** OF SWITZERLAND



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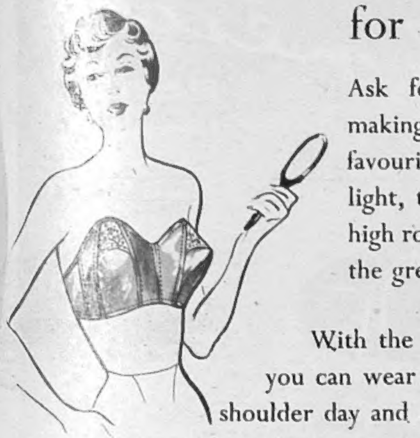

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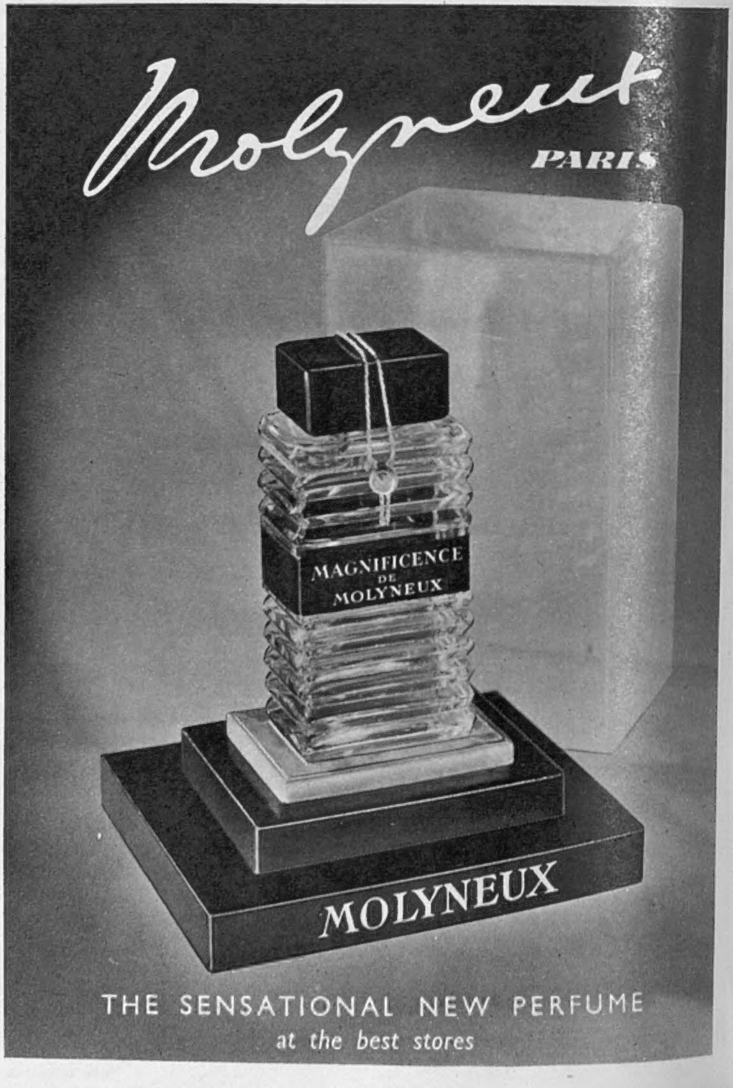

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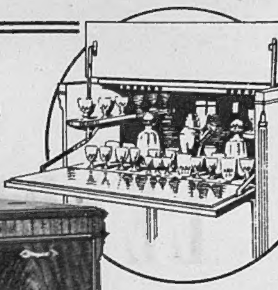

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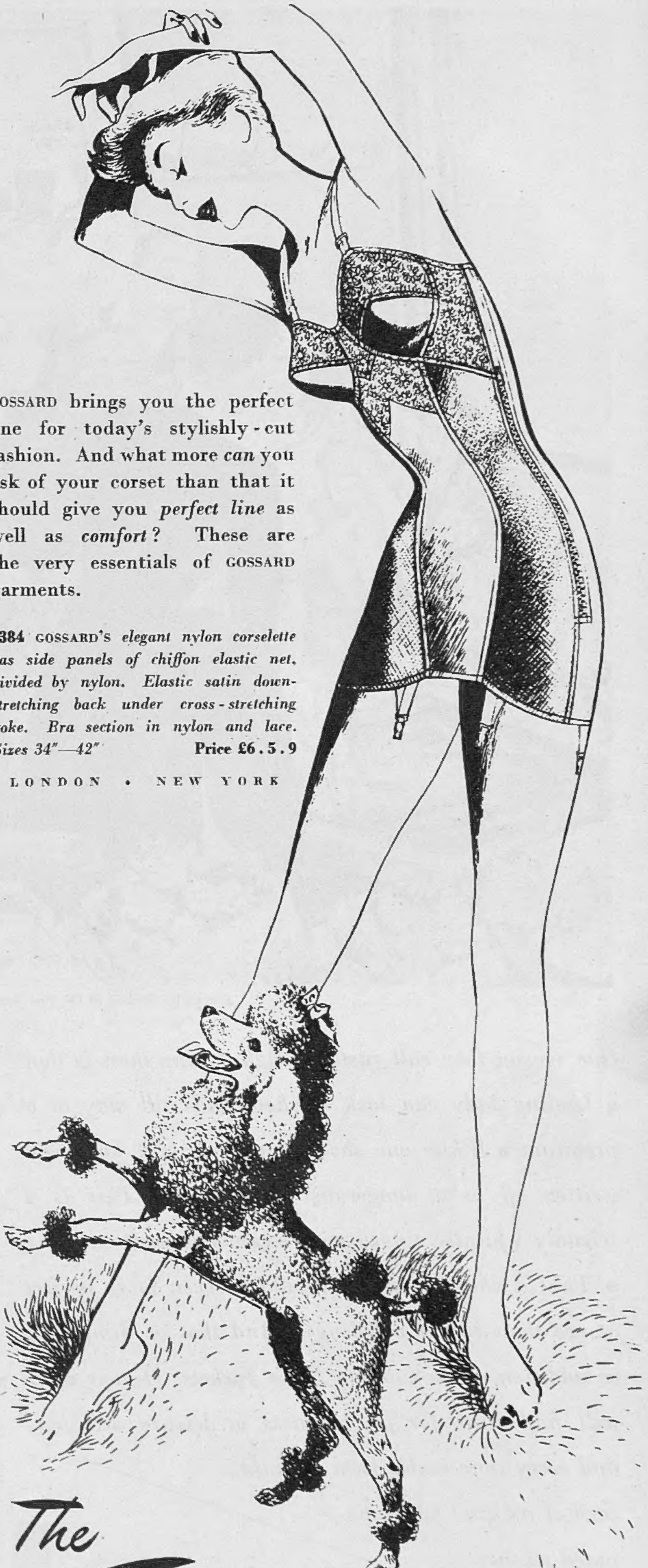

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The Gossard Line of Beauty

Picture by courtesy of *The New Yorker*

One reason they call justice rough, young man is that a leading lady can look anyhow and still stay at a premium • While one shoelace undone will have you written off as a dangerous Bohemium • This is a friendly (faintly tinged with commercialism) warning • That a chap's turnout should be even more perfect at eve than in the morning • And that at Simpson's in addition to the sublime Daks Jackets, Dinner • He will find suits for all business or leisure occasions and every conceivable item of outfit, each of its kind an undisputed winner.

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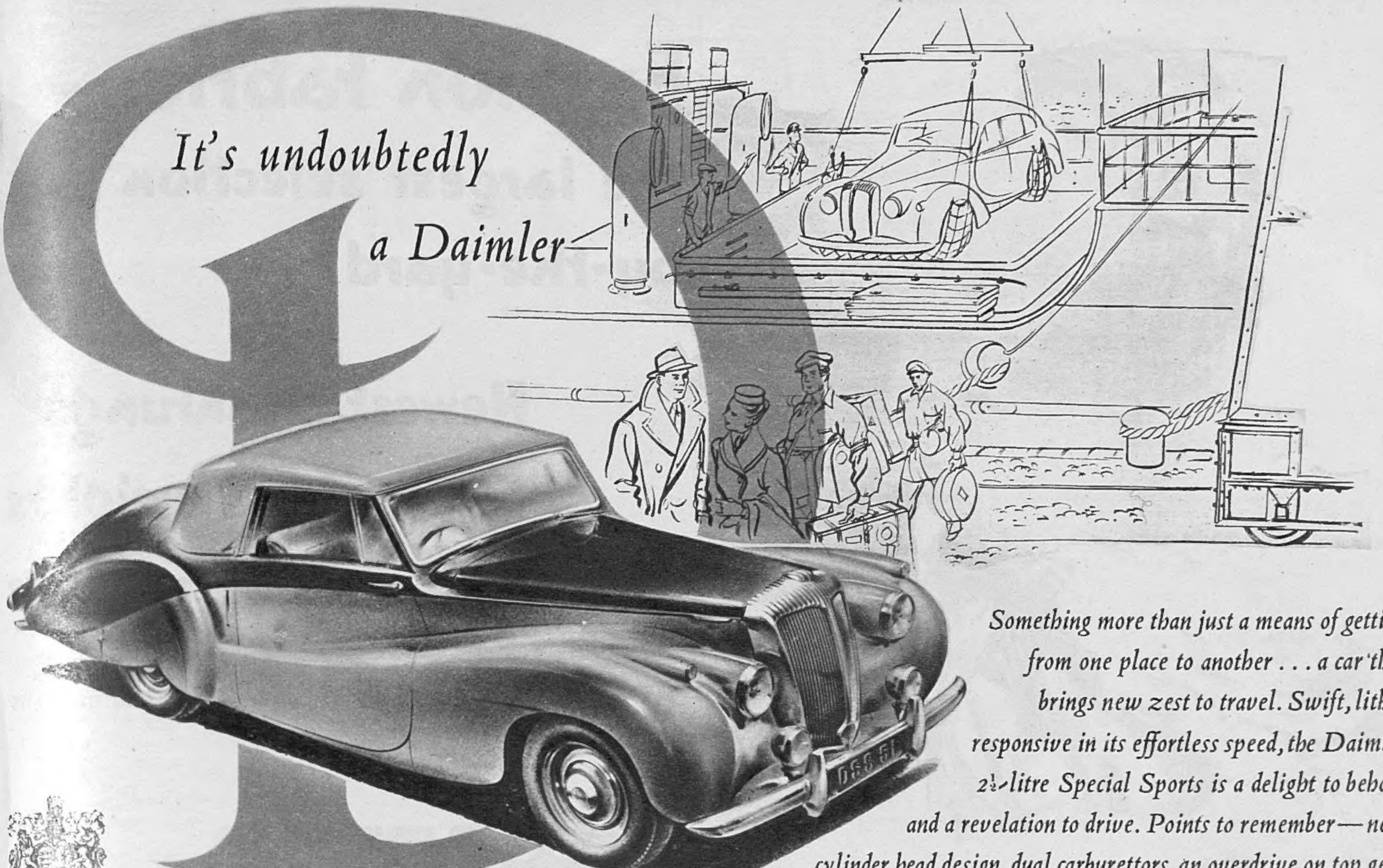

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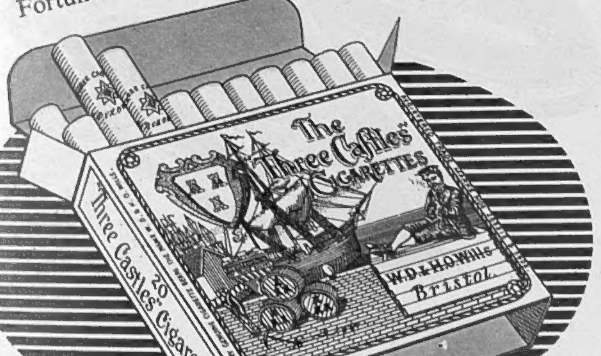

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CVS-35

The Sketch
WEDNESDAY, MAY 9, 1951

Photographed by Angus McBean.

TONIGHT at the Cambridge Theatre Elizabeth Sellars will play Yasmin in the opening performance of Basil Dean's Festival revival of James Elroy Flecker's *Hassan*. André Huguenet plays the title-rôle; Frederick Valk, The Caliph. The cast of 73 is supported by the Ballet Rambert; choreography by Michael Somes.

At his own special request during their Majesties' recent visit to Cambridge, the King met the victorious Cambridge University crew, which beat successively Oxford, Yale and Harvard. Making the introductions is the Cambridge President, Brian Lloyd.

Sketch-Book

BY PETER FLEMING

WHERE should we all be without M. Stalin? It is an academic question, and the manifold answers which all academic questions evoke tend to produce a tedious form of what may be called suppositional warfare. It seems to me, nevertheless, worth asking. Most honest Britons will admit, if they cast their minds back, that they were surprised as well as disappointed by the rapidity with which, in 1945, our Russian allies scuttled back into the undergrowth of their animosities and suspicions. Suppose for a moment —it is not very easy, because we have come to accept Russian hostility and intransigence as an integral part, like rain and rationing, of the climate in which we live—but suppose, nevertheless, for a moment that M. Stalin had decided that it would pay him, without sacrificing any of his country's ultimate aims, to string along with the rest of the world for a few years. The activities of the Cominform could have been semi-successfully glossed over. ("But in a democracy there are always hot-heads and extremists. You too have your—how do you say?—back-benchers," the pretty Intourist interpreter would have argued as the Tartar orchestra in the lounge of the Moscow hotel swung into their own version of "D'ye Ken John Peel?") All that would have been needed from Russia was a façade—which her ex-allies would at that time have readily accepted as something more—of good manners, of goodwill, of co-operation, of an adult outlook on international problems. Just such a façade, though in the end the stucco flaked off it in large patches, stood the Japanese in good stead for several years before they finally showed their hand.

M. Stalin, like many Georgians, was born and brought up in a valley. It is a lovely valley, with Mskhet (which I think was his native town) nestling with an air of feudal assurance athwart the entrance to it. But valleys all over the world seem to breed feuds and jealousies and secretiveness, and perhaps the cunning with which M. Stalin is undoubtedly equipped is limited by factors of this kind. If he had played ball, even in the most perfunctory way, after the last war, what would now be the state of our nation? We should be richer; we should be more deluded; we should be weaker. Our armed forces would be negligible, and so would be their emoluments. Our idealists would be riding for far heavier falls than any of them court at present. Our own, and indeed the whole of Europe's economy, would hardly have received all those potent and repeated shots in the arm for which we are indebted to

America. Nor . . . . but the fog of war, a phenomenon as familiar as it is embarrassing to commanders in the opening phases of an action, is peculiarly inspissated in suppositional warfare; and I deem it prudent to break this action off with the somewhat obvious remark that, although I cannot honestly say that I feel I owe a debt of gratitude to M. Stalin for anything, it is a great help to nations, as to individuals, if they are kept up to the mark.

"AM I to take it," said the superior person with whom I was flounderingly engaged in an argument, "that you do not believe in Planning?"

Like "Have you stopped beating your wife?" this is an almost impossible question to answer without discredit to one's self. Everybody believes in making plans, whether for the summer holidays or for increasing the throughput of zinc; but Planning has acquired, in the last few years, a special connotation which differentiates it in a marked though not easily definable manner from the old-fashioned process of making a plan. This was generally rather a stimulating process. The plan-makers pooled their ingenuity, resources and determination, and the resultant plan produced in them a feeling of release, of being a step further forward, of having opened up the avenues of enterprise.

This is not at all what Planning feels like to the people who are being planned for. It seems to be closely associated, both in theory and practice, with controls and restrictions. Its first concern, almost always, is to make a number of things impossible; and, though it makes other things possible, the approach to them is so cluttered up with application forms which can be obtained from the Post Office and must be filled up in triplicate and witnessed by a Justice of the Peace or a public notary, that the beneficiaries are irked into ingratitude.

Of course nobody denies that controls and restrictions were once necessary owing to world conditions, and continue to be so owing to the mismanagement of our national affairs over a longish period. But that doesn't alter my conviction that Planning, in the sense in which the term is now used, is often a form of restrictive practice and is not in itself admirable. And I am bewildered by the tacit assumption, which is contrary to all human experience at all levels, that all plans are good plans. People talk and write about a "planned economy" as though it were a wonderful thing. It may be, or it may not. It depends entirely whether the plans are good or bad. Planning—to take a trite example—produced the Groundnuts Scheme.

So my answer to the superior person with whom I was having an argument should have been: "I believe in good plans made by sensible people, but I don't believe in what I think you mean by Planning."

What I did say, as far as I can remember, was: "Well—er—it depends, if you see what I mean. I mean—well, of course, if you put it like that—er—er——"

MUCH though I dislike the process, and resent the necessity, of shaving, I am a person who tries to make the best of things, and the effort involved becomes less with the advent of spring.

The fairly large mirror in front of which I shave reflects, in addition to my flecked and disconsolate face, a window through which may be seen, in less than the middle distance, a small paddock and the fringe of a big beechwood in the lea of which it lies. Upon this stage (their power to engage my attention illogically heightened by the fact that I have my back to them) appear a variety of actors. A hen pheasant, foraging in that *distrait*, preoccupied, self-conscious manner which these birds have in the nesting season; a hare, lolloping with such casual assurance, browsing with such delicate greed, arbitrarily adopting (and equally arbitrarily abandoning) a posture of alarm; a pair of partridges, very devoted, very *petit-bourgeois*, very staunch—the most mature, really, and the most sympathetic of the performers in these *matinées*; a jay, bright, sophisticated, calculating, his pale eye conning the house rather than the wood (which to the others represents the greater source of danger); a grey squirrel, epitomizing outward grace and inner ugliness . . .

I don't say that these phenomena make the act of shaving any less painful, or lessen my conviction that the number of man-hours which the members of my sex devote to it is disproportionate to the benefits obtained. But they induce, when I think of those who shave in built-up areas, a sense of privilege; and any danger to my ego is, I like to think, offset by the consequential flesh-wounds, which restore parity of esteem.

I HAVEN'T read Mr. J. B. Priestley's new novel, *Festival at Farbridge*, which was published on Monday, but I am intrigued by a sentence in the dedicatory epistle to his publisher which appears at the beginning of it. Mr. Priestley writes that he has been told there is too much drinking in his novel and admits that there is rather a lot—"perhaps half as much as there is in real English life, where nearly everybody now seems to sit about boozing."

One hesitates to question a confident generalisation made by so distinguished an observer of the contemporary scene, but is it really true, or even half-true, that in this country "nearly everybody now seems to sit about boozing"? It isn't borne out by the statistics, which show that the total volume of beer brewed has decreased in each of the last five years, and is now nearly one-fifth less than it was in 1946. It isn't borne out by economic probabilities, for if we almost all behaved in the way Mr. Priestley says we do we should almost all be broke, and national productivity would hardly have increased in the way it has. I wish Mr. Priestley, having made this sweeping charge, had gone into the matter a little further. What, in his opinion, has driven us to this lethargic tippling? Is it some flaw in the arrangements of the Welfare State which has converted us into a nation of beachcombers? I feel we have a right to know.

AS I watched my small son and two of his cousins tearing up old newspapers on the eve of the paper-chase, I wished that I had the type of mind which could sort out and draw conclusions from the various points at which what they were doing alternately diverged from and coincided with the actions of their fathers on similar occasions thirty years ago. The large leather waste-paper basket into which the shredded paper dropped was the same one that we had used, but they seemed to complain less than we did of aching fingers, an occupational hazard that goes with paper-tearing. This was probably partly because newsprint is flimsier than in our day, and partly because they needed a much smaller volume of paper, being mounted on bicycles instead of ponies and committed therefore to a shorter chase. At the beginning of it the hares would follow exactly the same lanes and tracks, lay the same false trails, avoid the same skylines that we did. The newspapers they were rendering down were tiny compared with ours, but they had at least one important source of raw material, in the shape of the *Radio Times*, which hadn't been available to us. If they had come across (say) a 32-page edition of the *Morning Post* of thirty years ago, they would have been hardly less intrigued and disconcerted than we should have been if we, as we tore it up, had found a television programme in it. But in this maze of similarities and contrasts I soon became hopelessly lost and finished up by feeling rather annoyed with the faithful old waste-paper basket, which had launched my mind on so twisting and inconsequent a trail.

"HAVE YOU STOPPED BEATING YOUR WIFE?"

"SITTING AROUND BOOZING"

"DISPROPORTIONATE TO THE BENEFITS OBTAINED"

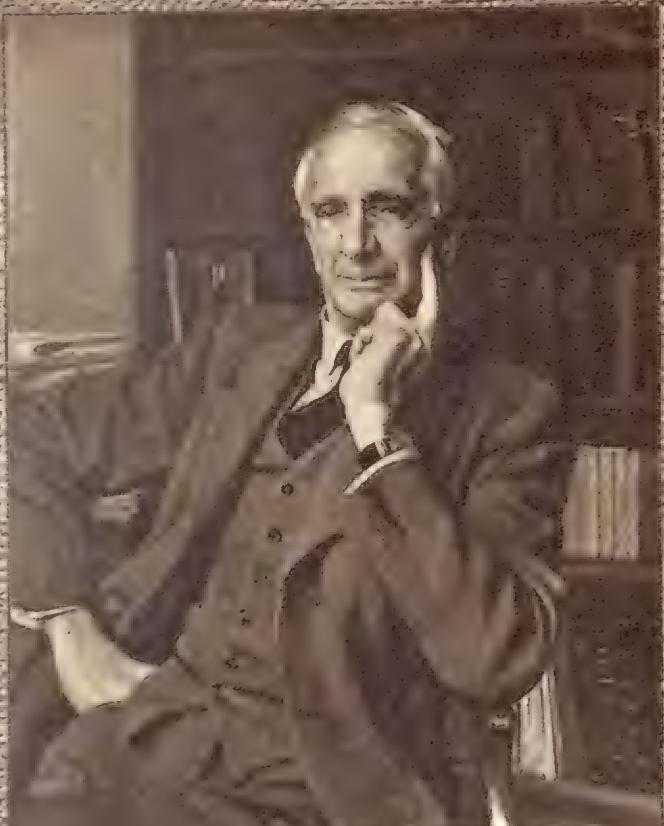
Illustrated by Martin Aitchison

"THE BULLFIGHTER"
by Sir Gerald Kelly, P.R.A.

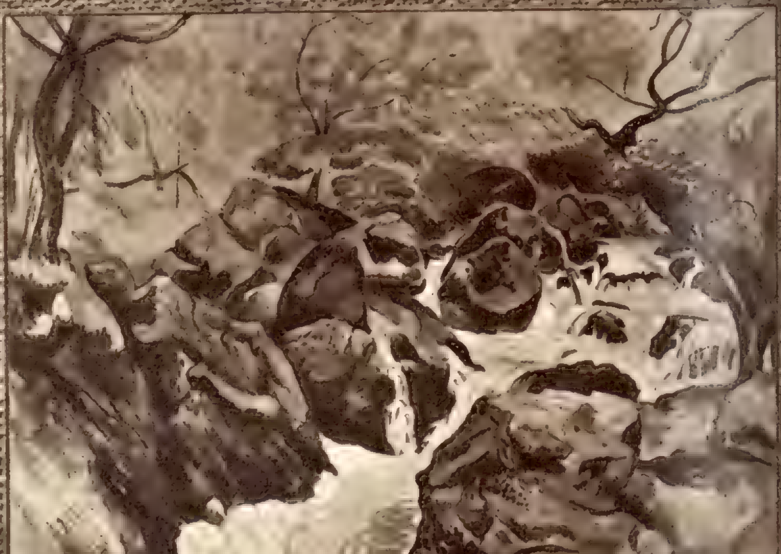
"HALIFAX"
by Charles Cundall, R.A.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1951

HERE is our selection from the Festival year Royal Academy—all the work of R.A.s, A.R.A.s and the P.R.A. Our readers and the public generally will no doubt find either here or in the galleries of Burlington House their Picture of the Year.



"THE LORD LAYTON OF DANEHILL"
by W. O. Hutchison, Hon. R.A.

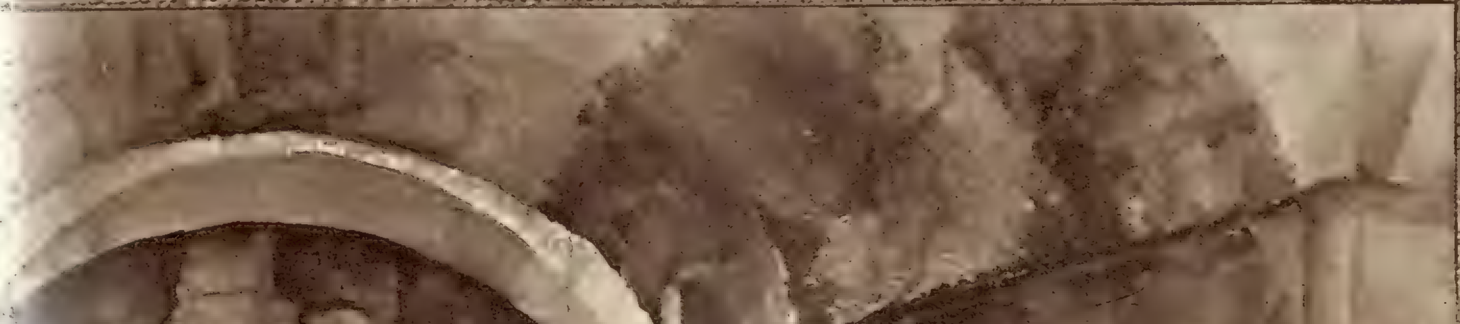


"THE TORRENT"
by John Nash, R.A. Elect.

Copyright reserved for the owners by

"THE WATER CAN"
by Dame Laura Knight, D.B.E., R.A.

"MRS. GUY ROGERS"
by William Dring, A.R.A.



"STRANGE INTERIOR, LANGUEDOC"
by Sir William Russell Flint, R.A.

TO AID THE NATIONAL PLAYING FIELDS ASSOCIATION

PRINCESS ELIZABETH and the Duke of Edinburgh, with Princess Margaret, attended the Lord's Taverners' Ball at Grosvenor House last week, in aid of the National Playing Fields Association, of which the Duke is President. The top picture shows Princess Elizabeth being received by John Mills, with (right) Mr. Martin Boddey, Lord's Taverners' Founder Member No. 1 ; while the lower one gives a moment in a ballroom cricket match—one of the highlights of the evening—which was televised and broadcast. The batsman is W. J. Edrich, and the defensive player with stump is Roger Livesey. The Royal table can be seen in the background.

Date-Book (Our Social Diary)

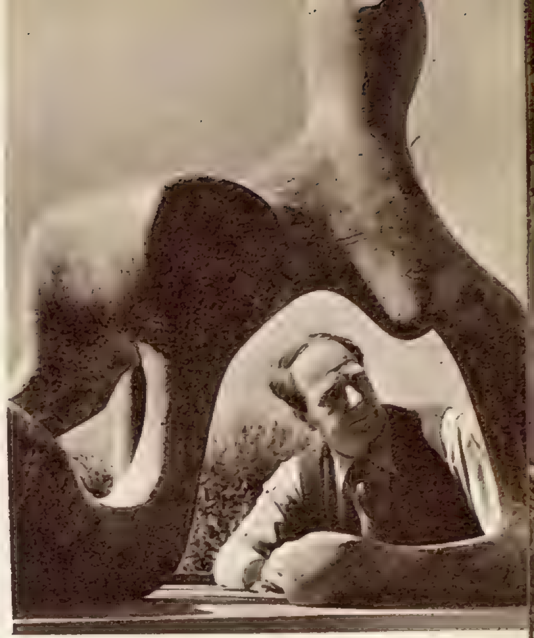
APRIL 18.

FILM PREMIÈRE: Queen Mary was present at *Tales of Hoffmann* première at the Carlton, in aid of English Opera Group. *Picture:* Lord and Lady Harewood with French ballet star, Tcherina, who's in the film.

APRIL 18.

FESTIVAL FIGURE: Sculptor Henry Moore surveyed his *Reclining Figure* for Britain's Festival. A bronze, 7 ft. long—a controversial feature for several schools of thought.

FILM PREMIÈRE



FESTIVAL FIGURE.

APRIL 19.

OLYMP[...] HORSE TRIALS at Badmin[...]n, home of the Duke of Beau[...]t. Masses of horsey type [...]ctators showed increased [...]terest in the annual Three-D[...] Test. Determination, [...] and patience are require[...] our men riders are to su[...]ed in next year's Olympi[...] at Helsinki. First day the [...]iss did brilliantly in dressag[...] test; took first, second, [...]ird, fifth, sixth and [...]th places.

APRIL 20.

Left: Winner of the Individual cup, Capt. Schwarzenbach, of Swiss "A" team, on *Vae Victis* (81.5 pts.), was congratulated by the Duchess of Beaufort. *Centre:* H. Freeman Jackson, on his gelding *Cuchulain*, going all out. *Right:* Miss Jane Drummond-Hay on *Happy Knight*, came second; struck shrewd blow for British prestige after faultless second round (100.5 pts.); earned Bowl for first British competitor against Swiss and other British who'd competed in Olympic Games, in which women don't compete.

OLYMPIC HORSE TRIALS.

Date (Our Social

VINTAGE VISITORS.

APRIL 19.

VINTAGE VISITORS: London goodwill visit by Bordeaux wine-growers included party given by French Ambassador and Mme. Massigli (left) chatting with Baron Elie de Rothschild, Cdt. of the Compagnons du Bontemps of Médoc (Gironde) district which produces most delicate, renowned, of all clarets. *Right:* Ambassador's daughter Mlle. Jacqueline Massigli, heard words of wisdom from M. Daniel Querré, Procureur-Syndic of Jurade of St. Emilion, and M. Jean de Sailly.

GUNNER'S WEDDING.

HOOD — EYSTON WEDDING.

APRIL 20.

GUNNER'S WEDDING: On the limber of a gun-carriage Capt. Neville Stiff, R.A., and bride, former Miss Julie Cantwell, drove to wedding reception after being married at Shoeburyness Garrison Church.

APRIL 21.

HOOD — EYSTON WEDDING: At Brompton Oratory Miss Magdalen Eyston, daughter of racing motorist Mr. George Eyston and Mrs. Eyston, married Mr. Alan E. Hood, son of the late Sir Joseph Hood and of Marie Lady Hood, of 8, Thorney Court, Hyde Park Gate.

ON SCONE PALACE RACECOURSE.

APRIL 21.

ON SCONE PALACE RACECOURSE: At Perth Hunt 'Chases, owner-trainer Major W. J. Anstruther-Gray (*left*) had a word with jockey W. Treacy, as *Bonnytoun Lad* was led in after winning Black Watch Selling H'cap Hurdle Race at the Spring Meeting. *Right:* Cloaked, hooded and bonneted for spectatorship: Lord Airlie's son — Lord Ogilvie, with Lord Londonderry's daughter—Lady Jane Stewart.

Book Diary - Cont.

APRIL 26.

FRENCH — ABNEY-HASTINGS WEDDING: At St. Sophia's, Glasgow, Mr. Robert A. French, son of Mrs. French, of 5, Whittinghame Drive, Glasgow, married Lady Iona Abney-Hastings, daughter of Major Abney-Hastings and the Countess of Loudoun.

APRIL 29.

YOUNG — CAMPBELL WEDDING: St. Peter's, Eaton Square, Mr. Peter [illegible] Young married Miss Gillian [illegible]. Campbell, daughter of the Hon. Donald and Mrs. Campbell.

FRENCH — ABNEY-HASTINGS WEDDING.

YOUNG — CAMPBELL WEDDING.

APRIL 29.

AT WILTON HOUSE: Lord and Lady Pembroke have opened to the public their famous late Renaissance home, Wilton House, Salisbury. Until a local team of ten people can be trained to act as guides, the owners and family will themselves conduct visiting parties. Here Lord and Lady Pembroke, in the Double Cube room, are showing Napoleon's dispatch-case to a visitor.

APRIL 30.

NEWLY-ELECTED A.R.A.: Lord Methuen is one of this year's Associates of the Royal Academy—not a day too soon! He is seen at his home at Corsham, Wilts, finishing his painting of the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra (leader, Paul Beard).

AT WILTON HOUSE.

NEWLY-ELECTED A.R.A.

APRIL 30.

FESTIVAL NIGHTLIGHTS: Daylight gaiety of the Festival of Britain's South Bank Exhibition turns to magical brilliance when the lights go on after dark. Each building, bridge and spectacular feature is picked out in an aura of its own, reflected in the flowing river. On the right the Embankment sweeps semi-circular, with Big Ben (Parliament in session) in the background. Centre: Cigar-shaped, the Skylon gleams upwards. On the left the ancient Shot Tower is pricked by lights; to its right the Festival Hall glitters whitely. The whole, symbolic of festivity.

FESTIVAL NIGHTLIGHTS.

Date-Book (Abroad)

MONTE CARLO.

CHANNEL ISLANDS.

COMMONWEALTH BALL.

IN PORTUGAL.

IN ROME.

APRIL 2.

MONTE CARLO: Lawn tennis star Doris Hart (U.S.A.) defeated Shirley Fry in the Ladies' singles; won the Prince J. L. de Faucigny Cup in a recent tournament.

APRIL 19.

CHANNEL ISLANDS: David Niven, in Sark to make film *Appointment with Venus*, met the Dame de Serk, Mrs. R. W. Hathaway, and her daughter; got some history of the island from them.

APRIL 20.

COMMONWEALTH BALL: At Montreal's Windsor Hotel prominent Canadians paid tribute to sister nations of Commonwealth whose High Commissioners were guests of honour. L. to r.: H.E. Adrian Roberts (South Africa), Mrs. Roberts; Mr. Arthur L. Melling, President, St. George's Society, Montreal, Mrs. Melling; H.E. Sir Alexander Clutterbuck (United Kingdom), Lady Clutterbuck; H.E. the Rt. Hon. F. M. Forde, P.C. (Australia), Mrs. Forde; H.E. Mohamed Ali (Pakistan), and the Begum Ali; H.E. T. C. A. Hislop (New Zealand), Mrs. Hislop. A boar's head parade led guests in state to their midnight supper.

Received APRIL 20.

IN PORTUGAL: Members of newly-formed St. Hubert Hunt met recently, drawing first at the Quinta de Peru, Azeitão. In the group are (l. to r.) 3rd and 5th, Mr. and Mrs. Espirito Santo, host and hostess at meet; she's sister to the Duchess of Palmella; 6th, Countess of Barcelona, wife of Don Juan, Spain's Pretender, and joint-Master with (7th) Marquis di Gracioso. 8, Lady Sefton. 9, General Graziani. 10, the huntsman, the Hon. John Long, with Lord Sefton. After the kill, a feast.

APRIL 28.

IN ROME: Major G. Gibbon of G.B., on *Bones*, took a jump during the first event of 20th International Horse Show held in Piazza di Siena.

Melvillainy

EXCLUSIVE

Born in far Tomintoul, I believe in Home Rule
For that noblest of races, the Scots.
We must stand on our own, with that large lump of Stone
In Pitlochry or Peebles or Shotts.
Though some students confess in the popular Press
That *they* dropped the brick, that 's a lie.
With my lips now unsealed, it can now be revealed
That the person who pinched it was I.
(Having missed going down for a stretch,
I have offered for sale
All the rights in my tale
To that most English journal, *The Sketch*.)

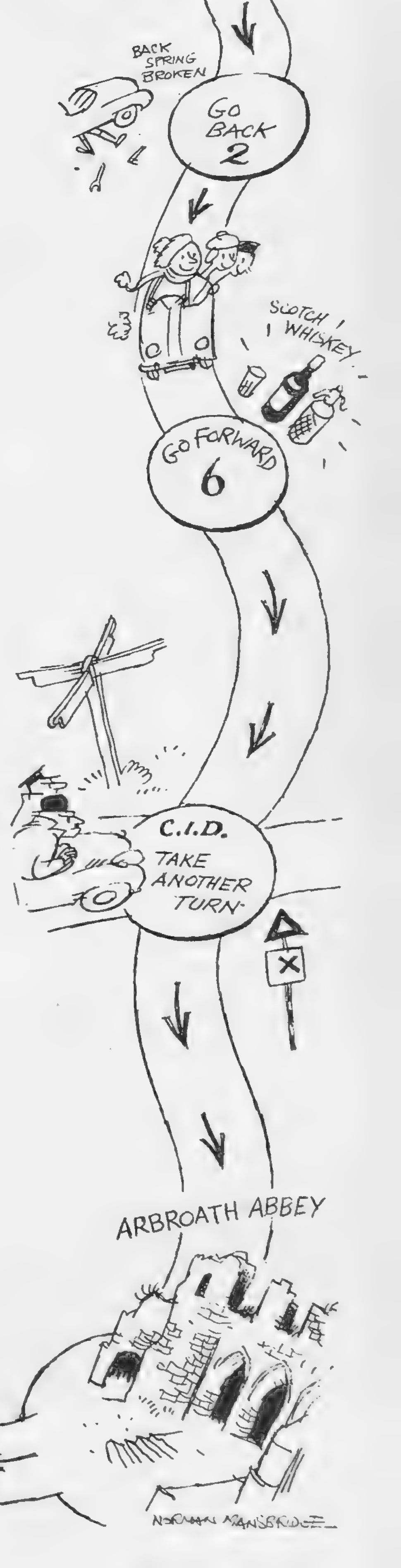
We first thought of the scheme in the Manse, Pittenweem,
Over brose and hot bannocks and tea.
There was dear Mary Seton ; my aunt, Mary Beaton ;
And Mary Carmichael and me.
We summoned a cabby, drove straight to the Abbey,
Where I lay concealed through the night :
While the ladies, as planned, did a reel down the Strand
And got hopelessly, hopelessly tight.
(I thought that the project was doomed
When a Dean, passing by,
Struck a match on my thigh :
He mistook me for Wordsworth, entombed.)

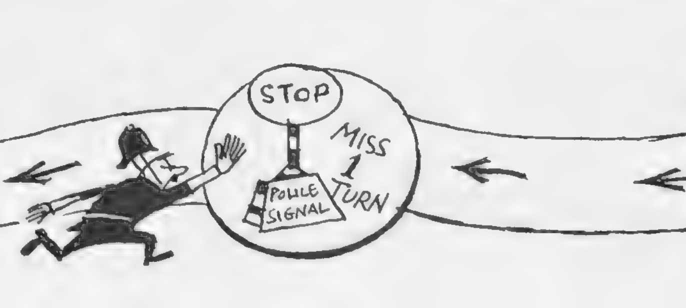
I located the Stone, which was lying quite prone
Far removed from the land of its birth.
I collected it up (I once won a cup
For tossing the caber at Perth).
I intoned " Annie Laurie " as, hugging my quarry,
Both freedom and liberty beckoned :
And when half down the Nave I 'd a very close shave
When I dropped it on Edward the Second.
(A policeman appeared. I retreated
And was muttering " Damn ! "
When the copper said " Sam—
Pick oop tha Stone, lad. Now beat it ! ")

We concealed the Stone first (as we 'd subtly rehearsed)
In the cloakroom at Fortnum and Mason's :
But the incessant change of directors seemed strange
And it didn't, what 's more, fit the basins.
Wrapped up in some pillows at Waring and Gillow's
It lay till the Yard got too smart :
So we moved it by dark into Battersea Park
Where they took it for Modernist Art.
(We thought that we 'd lost it for good
When Miss Wendy Wood found it
And festooned around it
A sporran and kilt. Wendy *would* !)

Then, at last, in disorder we fled o'er the Border
With Holyrood House as our goal.
The journey was tricky : a Stone in one's dicky
Weighs as much as our present-day coal.
We arrived simply sodden by way of Culloden :
I 'd just signed—alas and alack !—
To write " How I Did It " or " Just Where I Hid It "
When they snaffled the beastly thing back.
(Though a blow for Home Rule has been struck
Let, the next time we shift it,
Someone else try to lift it—
And I wish the poor fool better luck.)

ALAN MELVILLE.





Candid Cameo

BOB HOPE

By Ian Coster

BOB (formerly Leslie Townes) Hope is the biggest bluff in the world of entertainment.

He is an expert at misdirection, the basis of the craft of conjuring, by which the magician makes you follow the innocent hand while the other one is doing the dirty work.

Hope is a good, solid chunk of American manhood, well muscled for action—and in his films he poses as a poltroon and a clown. As a boy he was a fighter. He has made lots of fun of that, saying that he was the only boxer who was carried to and from the ring on a stretcher.

"I hit the other fellow so hard with my chin I woke up two hours later in the dressing-room," he wrote. "I gave up fighting when I didn't make hospital expenses." What he did not write was that the man who knocked him out in the semi-finals of the Ohio Novice Championships was the redoubtable Johnny Risko.

One of his tricks is to misdirect you from his alert, dark eyes to his nose which, after all, isn't such a bad bit of nasal architecture. "It was my mother who discovered my nose," he said. "Up until then no one had dared mention it. . . . Mother turned to father and said: 'William, there has been a terrible mistake. They have taken the baby and left the stork.'"

He keeps plugging that nose and encouraging his friends, like Bing Crosby, to abuse it with terms such as "ski jump" and "scoop snoot."

"I 'm just a song-and-dance man," says Hope. "My job is the handing out of a few snickers." This is monstrous understatement. Hope is a financial corporation called Bob Hope Enterprises Inc. This concern makes an annual income of about £300,000, and its interests stretch into radio, television and movie-making, music, plumbing, book-publishing, recording and soft drinks, real estate, oil, a column syndicated in seventy newspapers, baseball and American professional football, gag-writing and golf links, world tours, variety performances—and charities.

Song-and-dance man, my eye! A rough equivalent would be John Davison Rockefeller's describing himself as a bookkeeper.

Bob Hope pays ninety-two cents of every dollar he earns in taxes to the U.S. Government. The astonishing thing is that he seems to do it quite cheerfully. Why, he even goes in to see President Truman and tells him funny stories to relieve his depression.

Another example of misdirection is all this publicity he spreads carefully around concerning his army of gag-writers and a library of gags, said to be insured for £100,000. Hope 's idea is to make you think he is a zany, a moron, whereas he has a quick and fertile brain.

The whole beautiful edifice of Hope Enterprises Inc. has been built up by the quickness of that brain and the shrewdness of his judgment. "It 's too bad Bob is a funny man; he 'd make a terrific captain of industry," said a friend. Let not that friend worry too much; industrialist Hope is doing very nicely, thank you.

It stands to his credit that his capitalist empire has not been built up by the usual methods dictated by unscrupulous ambition; as far as is known he has not floated phoney companies, robbed the widows and orphans, ground the faces of the poor (or trodden on the faces of his friends).

Any budding financier is expected to show early signs of genius, such as selling chalk back to the schoolmistress, or trading in stolen white mice. But Hope, fifth son of a London stonemason who took his wife and family to America, revealed no definite signs. As a boy in Cleveland, Ohio, Bob merely indicated a flair for gamesmanship. He and his six brothers were sprinting pot-hunters at local picnics and outings. Hope admits: "The fact that I knew how to beat the starter's gun without getting caught might have helped some."

Even in later life the only form of larceny of which he has been openly accused is scene-stealing from fellow players. There was an occasion during the New York run of a revue, *Red, Hot and Blue*; Hope fell flat on the stage when Ethel Merman was singing.

Miss Merman felt that he was distracting the audience's attention, and she approached the stage manager and said with feeling: "Tell that ——— ——— ——— if he doesn't stop I 'll step all over him!"

Hope stopped that falling-down trick.

The only sure indication of his rosy future was that in America (he left England when he was three) he sold newspapers. It is part of his bluff to paint himself as the dumbest of schoolboys, but he seems to have "graduated" from high school with ease and entered dental school at Western Reserve University.

Teeth failed to grip him. He could waltz, so he became a dancing instructor. Then Fatty Arbuckle came to town and hired Hope and a friend as stooges in vaudeville. That was his start in show business. Before long Hope and George Byrne were black-face comics and hoofers—"Those Dancemedians."

Having proved that he had a ready enough wit to take on the customers single-handed, he went to Chicago and starved for a while, in a boarding-house, "where the maid came in once a day to change the rats." Then he became master of ceremonies at a Chicago theatre and his future opened up. He went to New York, got a small stage part; in 1932 had a leading part in *Roberta*, in which he sang "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes."

Love also got in his eyes. He met a torch singer, Dolores Reade, in a club and traded on her sympathy by telling her that he was a poor chorus boy. She believed him. They were married in 1934—and they are still married (with a family of four adopted children). That disposes of another Hope bluff, the idea that he is a howling wolf with the girls.

Hope plunged on, to films, radio, television, oil, golf, land and other interests. Naturally he developed a conscience in middle-age. Hence his staggering work for charity, the latest example of which is giving the total proceeds of his current London season to Clubland, run by a little English clergyman.

Hence his mighty war effort, a million miles of hazardous travel to entertain more than half of the American Forces, and get the Medal of Merit. His statue stands in the Smithsonian Institute; 9000 doctors gave him a plaque for his hospital work.

You can see what a clever fellow this Bob Hope is. Rockefeller had to start his own Foundation.

★

Who . . . Me?

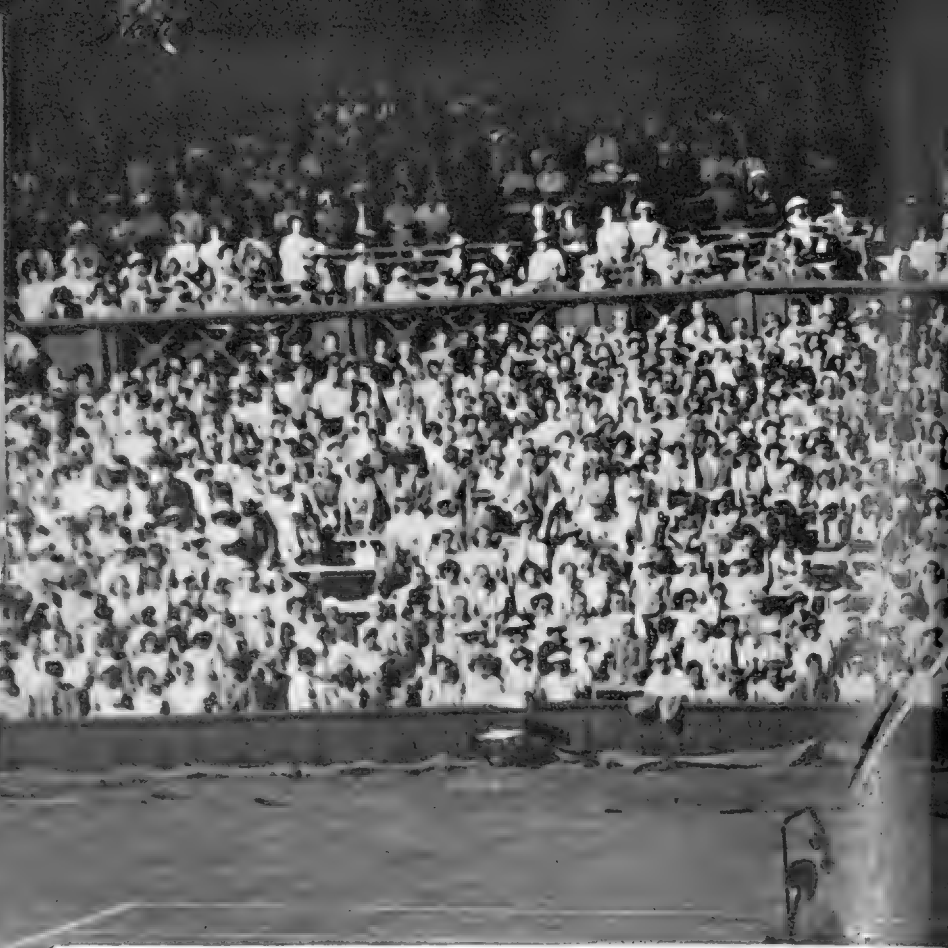
I READ the above libel very carefully and enjoyed every hour of it. Mr. Coster has a wonderful style but it left me somewhat confused. In fact, I still haven't decided whether to notify my publicity man . . . or my lawyers. True, I do pick up quite a bit of loot in my travels. But as you British are painfully aware to-day, there's no money in money. Besides, I've got a Government to support. As for my abortive career in the prize-ring . . . that was a necessary preliminary to my years in vaudeville. *Re* Mr. Truman. . . . He doesn't need me to make him laugh . . . not with all those Republicans making speeches in Washington. I'm glad you mentioned Mrs. Hope and the children. They are the most important "Hope Enterprises." By the way, I hope you do an article on Crosby soon. I'd love to read it to him.

Bob Hope

Photomontage by Angus McBean.

BOB HOPE ENTERPRISES INC.

Chief coach Dan Maskell of the All England Club, Wimbledon, instructs fifteen-year-old William Knight, of Northampton (centre), and Robert Wilson, also fifteen, in the correct service grip.



FRED PERRY (G.B.).

THE WAY TO THE CENTRE COURT AT WIMBLEDON

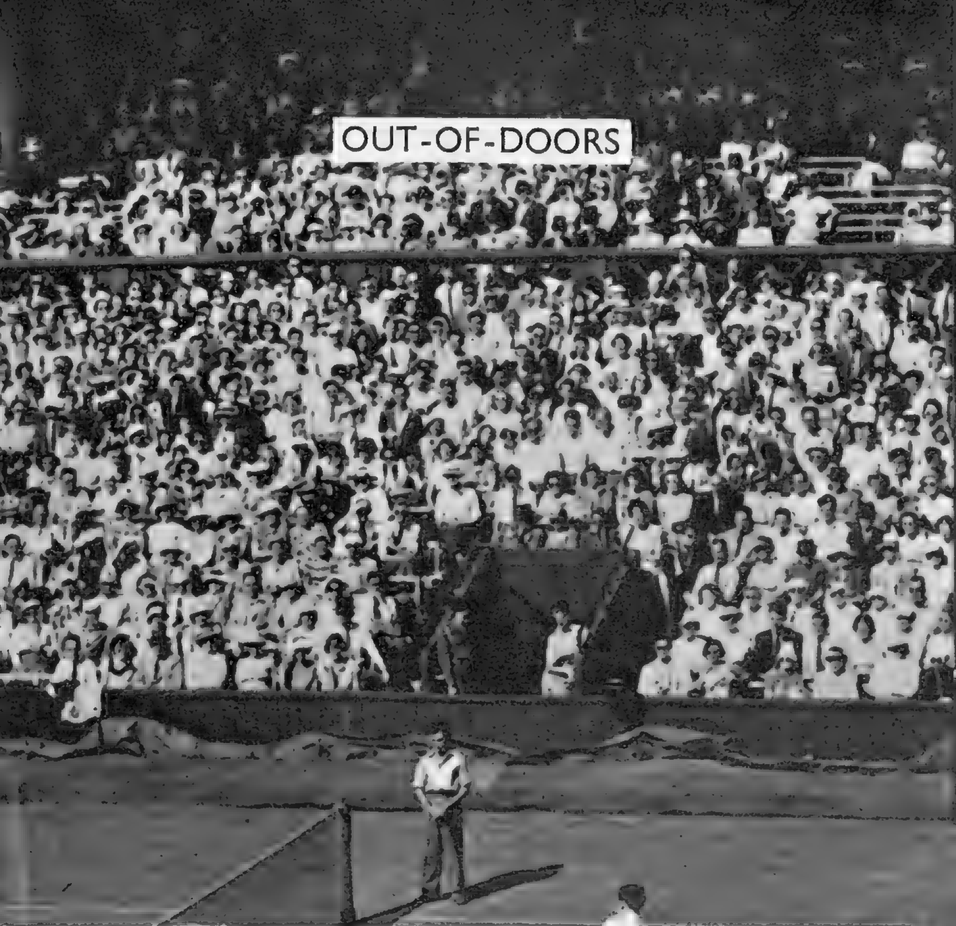
WILL Great Britain ever be a formidable challenger for the Davis Cup again? (Last year: eliminated in the first round by Italy.) Will our women ever win the Wightman Cup? (Last year: lost all seven matches to the Americans.) How can our players re-learn the conqueror's tread on that superb piece of turf, the Centre Court, Wimbledon, which has become almost the monopoly of foreign feet?

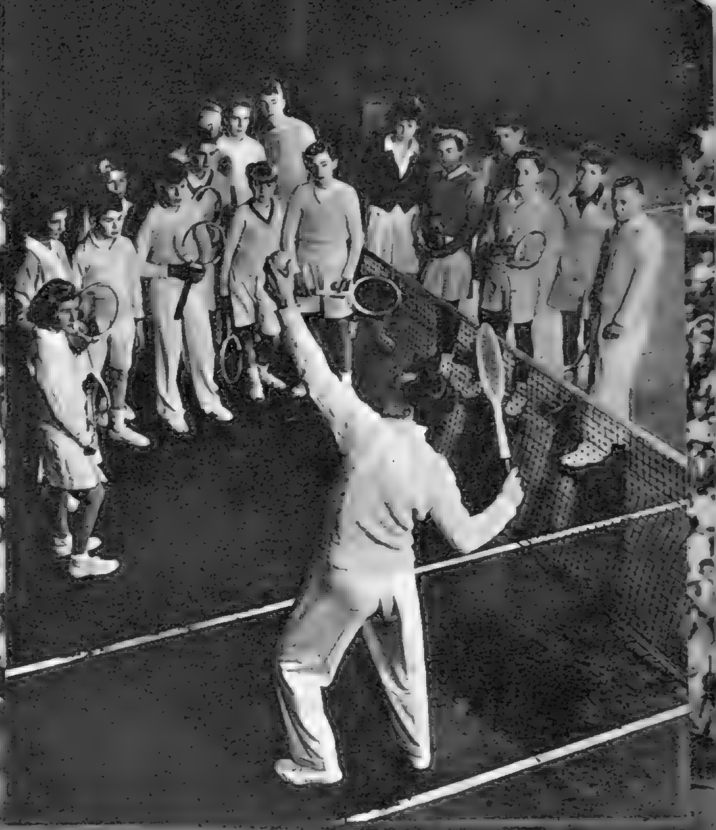
It is all very well claiming that our average club play is the best in the world. It ought to be, anyway, because we have been playing the game longer than most other nations. Our Lawn Tennis Association is easily the biggest in the world, with 3100 clubs affiliated to it, and yet, on the face of it, we are prepared to endure the humiliation of defeat in all international events, telling ourselves that, at any rate, we are good losers.

But it would be very wrong to write that the Lawn Tennis Association is doing nothing about the problem. There has been a big change in outlook in a governing body which has often been accused of being "die-hard" and "hide-bound." "Catch 'em young!" is the sensible slogan which has been adopted. The official explanation would be something like this: "Our objective is two-pronged. We are trying to foster lawn tennis by getting boys and girls to play the game, *not* watch it. That is the most important aim. And we are hoping that we shall produce winners of the Davis and Wightman Cups."

The administrators of the game realise that the way to the Centre Court must be open to all boys and girls if we are to recover our international prestige. For the first time in history, two of the most promising boy players, R. Wilson, of North London, and W. Knight, of Northampton, have been invited to practise with the British Davis Cup team. And recently nine schoolboys (average age 15) were sent to play Cambridge University teams (average age 20), with the result that the boys won all the singles against the third University team. There was only one public schoolboy among those

OUT-OF-DOORS





DAN MASKELL

youngsters, who came from Derby, Northants, South Wales, Surrey, Kent, Cheshire, Middlesex and Cambridge. All the others were secondary or grammar school boys. One had never belonged to a club; he had played the game on public courts at 1s. an hour.

This long-term policy of the L.T.A. began in the '30's. It was rightly decided not to concentrate on building up a team of semi-professionals whose sole object would be international pot-hunting, but to improve the general standard and help the brilliant youngsters.

The first step was to give financial aid to all counties to coach promising players and to encourage the counties to hold closed championship events. Then a system of training games instructors in lawn tennis—"Teaching the teachers"—was brought in, in 1938. This was continued after the war on a national basis, with the aid of a national grant, with the result that there are now about 3500 school teachers and youth leaders who hold the L.T.A. Proficiency Certificate. Advanced classes are now held.

In 1946 the L.T.A. took over from the energetic organiser, Mr. R. L. Quertier, the management of summer term competitions for boys' and girls' schools for the Glanvill and Aberdare Cups. Preliminary rounds are arranged to cut down travelling, and area winners meet at Wimbledon. Last year Stowe School won the Glanvill Cup, and Chelmsford County High School, which has only two courts, won the Aberdare Cup. This year 147 girls' schools and 37 boys' schools have entered for the competitions.

But the most far-reaching scheme for finding and improving the juniors with talent was established in 1949. A Training Committee, composed mainly of one representative from each area in the whole country, was set up. Each representative is responsible for bringing prospective champions to the notice of one of the six Regional Committees. Regional sifting of talent takes place at Easter and there is National sifting, under the eyes of the Training Committee, at Wimbledon in August. The best boys and girls, usually about two dozen, are then invited to attend Christmas School for intensive training and practice at Southdean-on-Sea, near Bognor.

The Lawn Tennis Association has set a net which should catch most of the youngsters with any talent for the game. They are being grounded in stroke production, coached and encouraged. The results will not be felt for a few years, but, by that time, the way to the Centre Court should be well trodden by British feet. At least, we all hope so.

BILL TILDEN (U.S.A.).

THE KING DECLARES THE FESTIVAL OPEN

FROM the steps of St. Paul's Cathedral on May 3, his Majesty broadcast to the world that the Festival of Britain, 1951, was open. He declared: "This is no time for despondency. For I see in this Festival a symbol of Britain's abiding courage and vitality." The ceremony followed a national service of dedication. On the left of the picture are the Queen, Queen Mary, Princess Elizabeth, the Duke of Edinburgh, Princess Margaret, and other members of the Royal Family. In the foreground stands the Lord Mayor, with the Kings of Arms on each side of him, and on the right, below the cluster of Cabinet Ministers, can be seen two of the trumpeters of the Household Cavalry who sounded the fanfares. Thousands of Londoners crowded the streets and the approach to the Cathedral to greet the King and Queen, and to watch the sparkling pageantry which attended this ceremony, just 100 years after Queen Victoria's Great Exhibition.

PICCADILLY

Specially drawn for "The Sketch" by H. H. Harris.

MAYPOLE

TWO ROSES AND . . . Moira Lister, who co-stars with Peter Ustinov in his Festival play *The Love of Four Colonels*, opening in the West End this month. Moira recently completed two films—*Mon Phoque et Elle*, shown in Paris, in which she co-stars with the French star François Perrier, and the English *White Corridors*, a hospital film made at Pinewood, in which her glamour is not extinguished by a nurse's uniform. Moira is South African-born.

LITERATURE.—Lucie Marchal : For her compelling novel of family relationships—*The Mesh*.

SCREEN.—Gregory Peck : For a really fine performance as C. S. Forester's Captain Hornblower—intelligent, sensitive, restrained, and never short of the stature of a leader one would be proud to follow. C. A. Lejeune

CHOICE OF THE MONTH

Selected by our Panel of Experts

RADIO.—Gilbert Harding : For his urbanity and eloquence in "Round Britain Quiz" and "Twenty Questions." Frederick Laws

STAGE.—Dame Sybil Thorndike : For her remarkable performance, in *Waters of the Moon* (Haymarket), of a lonely woman whose silences can be as eloquent as her speech. J. C. Trewin

Old Stagers

TAKE IT FROM US (Adelphi).
From Joy Nichols, Jimmy Edwards, and Dick Bentley.

LACE ON HER PETTICOAT (Ambassadors).
The daughters of the Marchioness and the milliner meet in the Scotland of 1885.

SEAGULLS OVER SORRENTO (Apollo).
A naval mixture: comedy and drama on an islet in the Orkneys.

KISS ME, KATE (Coliseum).
An assured American musical piece (Cole Porter score), with some Shakespearean help.

WORM'S EYE VIEW (Comedy).
In its sixth year.

WHO IS SYLVIA? (Criterion).
Terence Rattigan's light comedy flicks amiably across three periods.

CAROUSEL (Drury Lane).
June still bustin' out all over in the Rodgers-Hammerstein musical play.

TO DOROTHY, A SON (Garrick).
Roger MacDougall's blithe bubble-babble of comedy.

RING ROUND THE MOON (Globe).
Paul Scofield as a pair of French twins in the Fry-adapted, Brook-produced charade.

BLUE FOR A BOY (His Majesty's).
Fred Emney, Richard Hearne, in skirts and out.

THE LITTLE HUT (Lyric).
Three castaways—one of them Robert Morley—frivol on a tropical island.

MAN AND SUPERMAN (New).
Kay Hammond chases John Clements from Surrey to Spain. Text by Shaw. (Moving shortly to Princes.)

KING'S RHAPSODY (Palace).
The late Ivor Novello's romantic musical play, with its fine cast.

DEAR MISS PHŒBE (Phœnix).
Barrie set harmlessly to music.

HIS EXCELLENCY (Piccadilly).
Donald Wolfit as the ex-stevedore who becomes H.E. the Governor of Salva.

GAY'S THE WORD (Saville).
So it is—and Cicely Courtneidge leads the gaiety.

WILL ANY GENTLEMAN? (Strand).
The hunting of the Hare.

WHO GOES THERE! (Vaudeville).
The Guardsman Who Dropped It. Scene: A "Grace and Favour" house at St. James's Palace. Moves to Duke of York's, May 14.

KNIGHTS OF MADNESS (Victoria Palace).
The Crazy Gang—all over the place.

RELUCTANT HEROES (Whitehall).
Military knock-about in a three-act charade.

COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS (Wyndham's).
Joyce Redman and Naunton Wayne are At Home.

AT THE THEATRE . .

★ First Choice ★

WATERS OF THE MOON
(Haymarket)

WHEN a cast includes Dame Sybil Thorndike, Dame Edith Evans and Wendy Hiller, it is obviously Ladies' Night. N. C. Hunter is the year's most fortunate dramatist; at the same time it would be false to hold that the play owes everything to its cast, nothing to its author. I can imagine that, clumsily produced, it might limp—especially the first part of Act Three—but, even so, the quality of much of the text is undeniable: *Waters of the Moon* is a piece to respect. The other obvious comment is that Mr. Hunter is a disciple of Tchehov, and that his winter-bound, edge-of-Dartmoor guest-house has a familiar touch of autumnal grieving. Maybe. More important, the dramatist—besides being an intelligent disciple—is a good writer. Further, he can touch the heart, as much with what he implies as with what he says: here he has Dame Sybil Thorndike to honour his work with (I burn my boats) the finest performance on the London stage this year.

She is a widow, with nothing to hope for but a dragging life's-end in the guest-house atmosphere she loathes. All the while she remembers her lost happiness. She is curt, frigid, snobbish, and yet she can move and compel.

The woman is one of a cluster of guest-house residents whose remote, dull life is disturbed for a few days between Christmas and New Year by a trio of visitors, snowbound. They are rich, gay folk without a care, the swans (as someone says) who descend upon a duck-pond. The husband and daughter are pleasant and normal; the wife never stops talking. With her sophistication, her vivacious rattling, her facile sympathy and sentimentality, she disrupts the entire place. As the tired, slaving daughter of the house—acted so truthfully by Wendy Hiller—cries in despair: "It is not kind to make us dream of the waters of the moon, all sorts of happinesses that are out of our reach." Dame Edith Evans has her own inimitable flash-and-glitter and pounce: an Evans performance with a surprising encounter in which, for no particular reason, she and Dame Sybil are at odds about the poetry of Browning.

We have, too, such people as Kathleen Harrison, filling out cheerfully the implausible part of a Cockney woman who brings the South Bank to this Dartmoor remoteness; Cyril Raymond, who needs someone to write a rewarding part for him; Harold Scott, in a quick pencil-sketch of an old Colonel; and a new and able young actress called Patricia McCarron. Frith Banbury, who produces, might very well describe himself as the stage's Astronomer Royal.

Sybil Thorndike as Mrs. Whyte

Kathleen Harrison as Mrs. Ashworth

. with J. C. TREWIN .

THE MARTINS' NEST
(*Westminster*)

AFTER swans on the duck-pond, we have the Martins at East Putney. Their nest is a semi-basement, but Dad is a temporary Civil Servant and Mum has the most genteel hopes for her three children. They are going to be among the Putney glories. Alas, they are not—simply because Mum, relentlessly aspiring snob, pushes them too hard and woe treads upon woe. Joan Morgan has manipulated her people too obviously, though the little play is better, I imagine, than it seemed to be on the first night. Then Hermione Baddeley, who can be a distinguished straight actress, had to fight against the audience's memories of her in revue: this, coupled with Miss Morgan's injudiciously-timed jokes, tilted the piece towards the broader comedy. Dad has Mervyn Johns's accustomed repose, and (in my view) Yvonne Mitchell finds the note of strained defiance one would expect in the daughter who becomes involved with a supercilious cad, Miss Morgan's idea of a barrister.

BOB HOPE
(*Prince of Wales*)

FOR the first half-hour Bob Hope was blithe company—less (I thought) for his matter than his manner. He stood, very calmly, at the microphone, a pleasant, unremarkable fellow, bright-eyed, even-voiced, timing his lines to a splintered second. He did not beat us into subjection, bully us to laughter. He was there merely to talk, and the jests—good and bad—about Jack Benny and Truman and the Hope films, ribboned out endlessly: poured, if you will, like the cutlery from Harpo Marx's pocket. But, as the evening waned, I grew conscious of the time. Forty minutes, fifty, sixty. . . . By now Bob Hope had enlisted a singer and that agreeable "feed," Jerry Desmonde. But it was all too long; enthusiasm cooled. An hour or two of small talk breeds boredom. Cut it to twenty minutes, and there (for he is a charming man) might be Hope-and-glory indeed.

CAPTAIN BRASSBOUND'S CONVERSION
(*Old Vic*)

THIS piece—about the futility of revenge—is one of Shaw's most directly theatrical plays. It has a colour-supplement setting in Morocco: Lady Cicely Waynflete is a heaven-sent part. Ursula Jeans can cope with the managing Lady Sis ("All men are children in the nursery"); Mark Dignam, as the English judge, is certainly "facing old age on compulsion, not resignedly." But Brassbound cannot be Roger Livesey's favourite part, and I have still to see the Cockney rapscallion, Drinkwater, credibly acted.

Next Stage

JOHN CLEMENTS has decided, very properly, to let Shavians have their fun. Not long after the transference of *Man and Superman* to the Princes (on May 15) he will present weekly performances—Saturdays only—of the full play, with its third act, the Don Juan in Hell scene, which is usually omitted. The first full performance will be on Saturday, June 2; Esmé Percy (who used himself to appear with great effect as Tanner—Don Juan) comes in as the Devil. The piece is timed to begin at 5.15 and to finish at 10.30, with a half-hour interval between the second and third acts.

THREE REVUES

London is to have three more revues for the Festival. One, *Fancy Free*, begins at the Prince of Wales on May 16 for a twice-nightly season. Tommy Trinder and Pat Kirkwood head the cast. . . . At the Lyric, Hammersmith, this month, the Company of Four's Festival production will be *The Lyric Revue*, with a company of twelve—led by Graham Payn, George Benson, Joan Heal, Roberta Huby, Dora Bryan and Myles Eason. Noël Coward ("Don't Make Fun of the Fair") is a contributor. . . . Another revue, due during the summer at the St. Martin's, is Laurier Lister's *Penny Plain*. Here the principal names are Joyce Grenfell, Elizabeth Welch, Max Adrian, Rose Hill and Desmond Walter Ellis.

SOUTH BANK

Jack Hylton presents a topical farce about the Festival at the Duchess Theatre on May 14. This is *The Happy Family*, staged at the Embassy not long ago, and written by the prolific Michael Clayton Hutton. Thora Hird and Henry Kendall have now the leading parts; Richard Bird produces. Another new comedy, announced for the end of May (under the management of Alec L. Rea, E. P. Clift and Roy Limbert), is Ronald Wilkinson's *Taking Things Quietly*, produced by Charles Hickman, with Basil Radford, Joan Haythorne and Eliot Makeham.

OPEN AIR

The Mechanicals, the Romantics and the Immortals of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* will be on the Regent's Park lawn for at least two months this summer. Robert Atkins again produces and plays Bottom the Weaver, and there will be pleasure at the return of Leslie French (as Puck). Russell Thorndike is the Quince and Prudence Hyman the Titania. Gower Parks has designed special costumes.

GETTING AROUND

I hear that *Lace On Her Petticoat* will be staged in Broadway during the autumn. . . . The second programme of Shaw one-acters begins at the Arts on May 16. . . . Basil Dean is engaged upon plans for presenting *The Apple Cart* and *The Constant Nymph*.

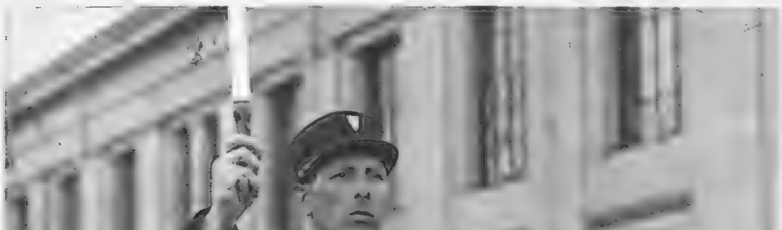
WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . . .

MR. MAX JOSEPH : For realising, this Festival Year, his ideal to bring to London a degree of hotel luxury hitherto unknown in this country.

MANAGING DIRECTOR Mr. Max Joseph has reopened the Washington Hotel, Curzon Street, with hot and cold and running iced water, telephone and television in every room—a combination, Mr. Joseph claims, unique in Europe. Its 24-hour room service, excellent food, fine wines, beauty salon, and so on, should do much to enhance the prestige of British hoteliers with our foreign guests. Only four months ago the Washington was all-but-derelict.

MR. FRED SLAYMAKER : For holding a Lilliputian Festival Exhibition of his own in his back garden.

MR. SLAYMAKER, of Sutton, Surrey, has worked for months on his Festival show—a miniature mediæval village. It has everything, from blacksmith's forge to baronial castle, and is meant to show visitors what an English village looked like before the advent of cars, telephones, and other mod. con. Made in concrete, the buildings are portable, and there are about fifty models and 150 trees. Its creator is seen giving some finishing touches.



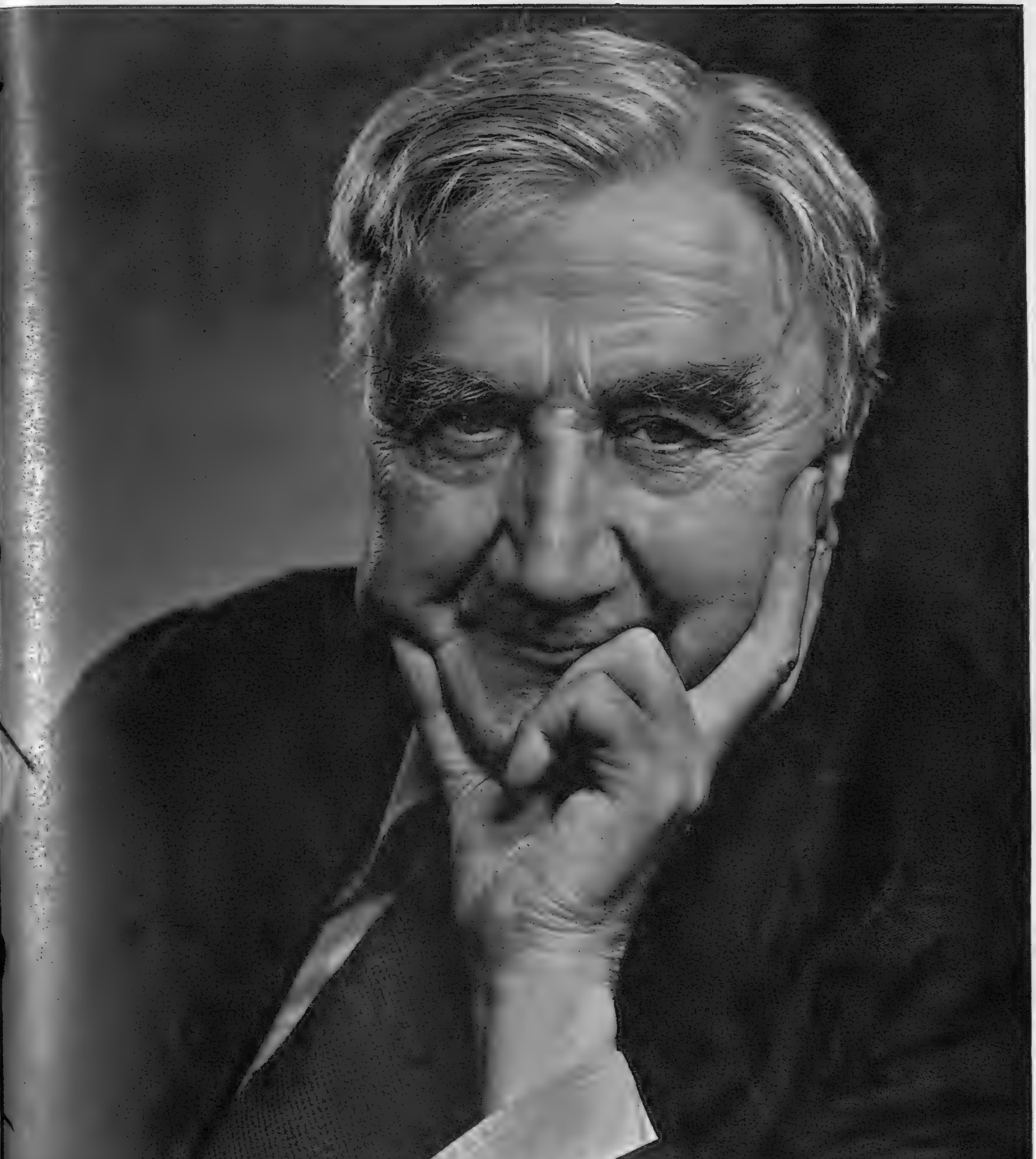
PARIS TRAFFIC CONSTABLE RAOUL : For showing the Norwegians how to control traffic.

FOR some time traffic-jams around Abelhaugen, Oslo, Norway, have been giving authorities a headache. A year ago British traffic lights were installed at various points, but they effected no cure. This year they had a fresh idea. M. Raoul Wagner, French traffic constable, was flown over from Paris ; the lights were turned off, and he took charge, wielding his bâton with Gallic gusto. A general speed-up was immediately observed, and pedestrians had to scurry across the roads.

ROGER BANNISTER, of Oxford University : For showing a clean pair of heels to two crack American milers, and breaking a record.

BY winning the Benjamin Franklin Mile at the Philadelphia relay race-meeting, U.S.A., in 4 min. 8.3 sec., Roger Bannister, Oxford University runner, broke a seventeen-year-old record for the event—4 min. 11.8 sec. set up by Glenn Cunningham. As he crossed the finishing-line he had a lead of 15 yards from F. Wilt, U.S. national indoor mile champion, second, followed by D. Gehrmann, four times National Collegiate champion. Bannister's win increases his chances of an Olympic victory in the 1500 metres at Helsinki next year.

. . . AND WE APPLAUD



Photographed by Karsh of Ottawa.

DR. RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS, O.M.,

for his opera, *The Pilgrim's Progress*—London's greatest post-war musical event.

DR. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS' opera—a Morality based on John Bunyan's allegory—was performed for the first time at Covent Garden on April 26. The music—in his greatest vein—was beautifully sung, with Arnold Matters as Pilgrim. In a short speech at the première, the 79-year-old composer said: "People ask me who wrote the libretto," and he bowed to Inia Te Wiata, who plays John Bunyan! The Festival authorities complimented Dr. Vaughan Williams by choosing his *Serenade to Music* for the opening performance in the Festival Hall.

Not a hockey-girl's nightmare, but Pam (Penelope Bartley) and Carol (Jill Stuart) standing by to repel burglars. A scene from *The Malory Secret*, adapted from Gladys Mitchell's novel by Macgregor Urquhart.

"We happy few . . ." Clement McCallin as Henry in the immortal scene—immediately prior to the Battle of Agincourt—in Shakespeare's *The Life of King Henry V.*

"And is it true that one can learn to cook by Television instead of using gas?"

TELEVISION

by CYRIL BUTCHER

LOOKING AROUND

WHETHER it is due to any migratory movement or just plain coincidence, the fact remains that recently we have had an exceptional number of personal contacts with people from the North of England and from even farther-flung Scotland. With them, unlike us blasé Southerners who have come to regard it as a matter of course, television is still a thing of exciting anticipation. The service may not yet have reached the North, but public interest in it is already exceptionally keen. That is, if we are to believe our informants, who flatteringly asserted that they and others besides who live in these regions follow the vicissitudes of television, as recorded in these pages, with close attention.

From these readers we have received a request. "You generally deal with advanced television matters. But we up North are newcomers. Won't you help us by going back to the beginning? We shall soon have to get around to buying our sets. Can you advise us what kind to get, what points to look for, what snags to guard against?"

Delighted to oblige. But first we must beg to be excused from mentioning any particular make of television receiver. Impossible to include them all; unfair to leave any out. As regards *type* of set, we can be more helpful. Broadly speaking, you might adopt Polonius's advice, and spend as much as you can afford, but make sure that the extra over a cheaper set represents better materials and workmanship rather than elaborate gadgetry which will have little effect on the performance of the machine. Don't forget, it is the quality of the entertainment more than the quality of the set that is going to make you a pleased or livid viewer. We ourself use a comparatively inexpensive table model by a famous firm. The results are excellent and the bother nil. We recommend —unless you are an inveterate knob-twiddler—some set with the minimum of controls. Unless you really know what you are doing it is fatal to attempt fine adjustments during the programme. You are likely to get yourself hopelessly at sea and ruin your picture. Don't forget that quite often distortions come from the transmitting end, and will be rectified in a matter of seconds by the engineers.

And, if you are being economical, don't be afraid of the 9-in. screen. It may look ridiculously small beside its bigger brothers when seen in a dealer's window. But ten minutes, with the set working—sitting about 5 ft. away—will convince you that the picture is amply large. The 9-in. screen is also inclined to be much sharper of focus than the larger sizes, though, of course, progress in this respect is being made all the time.

And—speaking of progress—don't be afraid that your set will be out of date in a few months. It cannot be emphasised often enough that the present form of transmission will be continued for another eight to ten years. Colour and increased line-definition are things that are to come—but not yet.

Snags? Have your set installed by a really qualified radio engineer, and there will be none. Ask him to be particularly careful to eliminate "ghosts" before he sets the aerial in its final position. "Ghosts," of course, are those maddening secondary images which appear beside the main ones and are caused by reflection of the wireless waves from metallic structures such as bridges and gasholders.

If you are living in a block of flats, this matter of the aerial may need to become a matter of neighbourly accommodation. It seems silly to festoon the roof with dozens of antennæ when, under good conditions, you can run six sets off a single one without using a "booster," such as some landlords instal in order to provide the input for many more.

We hope to have been of some help. If more is required, we are at your service. Meanwhile, when the great day comes—Happy Viewing.

" Tell me pretty maiden, are there any more at home like you ? " The famous sextet from Leslie Stuart's *Florodora* was featured in the first of *The Passing Show* series—a five-part cavalcade covering the last fifty years.

Realism was the keynote of *Shout Aloud Salvation* by Michael Barry and Charles Terrot. Here Captain Janine Mayhew of the Salvation Army (Virginia McKenna) plucks an old drunkard (Patrick Keogh) from the burning.

LOOKING BACK

THERE is no doubt that with *Shout Aloud Salvation*, Michael Barry has achieved as brilliant a success as he did with his *Promise of To-morrow*, which was one of last year's highlights in television drama. In this case he is co-author with Charles Terrot, from whose novel the play was culled. Mr. Barry, of course, produced, and a superb job he did. He seems to favour the non-stop pattern of the films, for the play was given without intervals. At the same time, one was conscious of definite steps in the dramatic progression of this story about two Salvation Army girls who set out to clean up a particularly squalid Northern town with no other aid than their own courage and their own belief in the righteousness of their mission. It is a brave story and it was bravely done. Virginia McKenna and Daphne Slater played the two Salvationists with forthright charm and great sincerity, while the remaining parts were in the hands of a mixture of such luminaries as Lewis Casson, Nicholas Hannen, Marjorie Fielding and a large body of players. But all shared the acting honours alike.

A second major effort was Royston Morley's production of Shakespeare's *The Life of King Henry V*. If we give it second place to *Shout Aloud Salvation*, it is only because the latter is a new contribution, designed especially for television, while Mr. Morley was tackling a classic—after all, Shakespeare is no mean abettor to any producer. Even so, it was an occasion of which television can be proud. Once again a large cast provided flawless—or near flawless—performances, proving that British acting is of a standard, nowadays, when an indifferent performance is rare and a bad one even rarer. Clement McCallin made a great Henry. One might have wished for a touch more light and shade in his verse delivery, but there was not a nuance which he omitted from his characterisation. Marius Goring was an intriguing Chorus, showing just the right mixture of insolence and diffidence. Katherine is a wretched part and can be unbearable if the temptation to be coy is not resisted. Varvara Pitoëff resisted nobly.

We have already written in advance about *The Passing Show*, a five-part series of popular entertainment, cavalcading over the past fifty years. Judging by the first programme, it will be a happy venture, for which many clever people can justly claim the credit—especially producer Michael Mills, script-writer Rex Rienits, and dance-arranger Freddie Carpenter.

The other evening, George R. Foa potted a couple of full-length operas—*The Barber of Seville* of Rossini, and Bizet's *Carmen*—into a single hour. The astonishing result left one in a quandary whether to pour critical molten lead over him for a silly, badly executed experiment, or to congratulate him for giving us the most hysterically funny programme we have ever seen on television. Had he deliberately set out to do so, he could not have satirised these two operas more devilishly. The *Largo Al Factotum* sung by Arthur Downes and Jean Watson's *Habanera* were two items that could be repeated in some of the Saturday-night shows with great advantage. *Really*, Mr. Foa !

LOOKING AHEAD

AS part of the special Festival schedule, television's film unit has spent the last six months in making four documentary pictures, showing in considerable detail what sort of place Britain is to-day and what are the things that make us tick over as a great nation. The first will be shown on May 27, and will deal with the People of Britain of all grades and social levels. The remaining three will appear on the succeeding Sunday nights.

Other dates :

May 20.—Young Vic Company in Stevenson's *The Black Arrow* (Children's Programme). Also Douglass Montgomery in Robert Sherwood's *The Petrified Forest*. Producer Royston Morley. Repeat May 24.

May 21.—Christian Simpson presents *Ballet Workshop* Company.

May 25.—The Salzburg Marionettes.

May 27 and 31.—*The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse*, by Barrie Lyndon, starring Hugh Sinclair, with Helen Cherry and Susan Shaw. Producer : Harold Clayton.

May 29.—Keith Winter's *The Shining Hour*, produced by Matthew Forsyth.

June 2.—*Anglo-French Variety*, a super-super programme with a fine balance of English and French acts. Production by French Claude Barma.

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE

Michael Barry : For his co-authorship (with Charles Terrot) and brilliant production of *Shout Aloud Salvation*. With this play Mr. Barry underlined the fact that television drama needs its own individual approach. He also proved that, given this approach, television can be a flexible medium of infinite possibilities.

Cyril Butcher

"TALES OF HOFFMANN."—Hoffmann tells Olympia he loves her. She 's only a doll, but through his magic spectacles she seems alive. He presses her hand, unconsciously sets a mechanism going, and surprisingly she sings "No, no." Moira Shearer ; Robert Rounseville.

FILMS IN BRIEF

"TERESA."—The enchanting little Italian actress, Pier Angeli, makes her Hollywood debut in a film it seems a shame to have offered her—a naïve story, packed with psycho-analytical poppycock, about a G.I. who nearly loses his delightful war-bride, thanks to unemployment, cowardice and a possessive mother.

"TOM BROWN'S SCHOOLDAYS."—An unfortunate period in the history of Rugby School, set out with rather too lively an interest in the details of the abuses, and too perfunctory a study of the headmaster who reformed them. With Robert Newton as Dr. Arnold and John Howard Davies as Tom Brown.

"CIRCLE OF DANGER."—Small but beneficially Buchanish adventure story about an American who comes to England to investigate the death of his brother, killed under suspicious circumstances during a Commando raid in Brittany. Ray Milland is the visiting star, but the best work comes from the native team—Marius Goring, Hugh Sinclair and Naunton Wayne in particular.

"YOU 'RE IN THE NAVY NOW."—A good-humoured jest at the expense of Naval conscripts struggling with the mysteries of an experimental submarine-chaser. With Gary Cooper, and a highly individual steam-engine with a personality to delight an Emett or a Heath Robinson.

"UN DRÔLE DE DRAME."—Louis Jouvet, Michel Simon, Françoise Rosay and Jean-Louis Barraud in Marcel Carné's pre-war extravaganza, about some eminently respectable Victorians involved in a non-existent murder. Calculatedly bizarre London settings, and some of the best acting in London.

"CAPTAIN HORATIO HORNBLOWER, R.N."—Gregory Peck (r.) portrays the gallant Captain Hornblower "exactly as I imagined him," declares the author, "though perhaps a bit too handsome." Robert Beatty plays Lieutenant William Bush.

★ ★ ★ AT THE

REVIEWS *by* C. A. LEJEUNE

"TALES OF HOFFMANN"

NOBODY with a spark of natural, human inquisitiveness, I suspect, will be able to resist going to see the film that Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger have made out of Offenbach's *Tales of Hoffmann*; and nobody can be blamed in this case for curiosity, for nothing like *Hoffmann* has ever appeared on the screen before.

We have had filmed opera, of course, and filmed ballet; we have had bold experiments in the blending of music and design, as in the case of Disney's *Fantasia*; but no other film, at least in my experience, has combined opera, ballet and animated design on such a mammoth scale, nor pummelled the senses with such a violent assault of colour, movement, sound and fury.

Presumably *The Tales of Hoffmann* was chosen by the producers for this attempt because it lends itself so readily to the special talents of their designer, Hein Heckroth. Already, in the ballet sequence of *The Red Shoes*, this fertile and sometimes ferocious artist has shown what he can do with fantasy. *Hoffmann* is fantasy, too: a grotesque compilation of Gothic tales—in the tradition of *The Student of Prague* and the Brothers Grimm—about the ubiquity of a magician's power, as he ruins the four loves of Hoffmann—with a doll, a Venetian courtesan, a consumptive singer on the Isles of Greece, and a beautiful artist in the theatre at Nuremberg.

The translation of Offenbach's opera to the screen, in the way that Messrs. Powell, Pressburger and Heckroth have conceived it, obviously calls for an operation of dubbing on a giant scale; for it is clear that ballet dancers cannot automatically be expected to sing, nor, even if they had the voices, would have breath to use them.

The whole score was pre-recorded by the London Philharmonic Orchestra under Sir Thomas Beecham, and then the film—the ballet and the mime—was grafted on. As a result, we have the curious experience of hearing grand-opera voices apparently issuing from the lips of Robert Helpmann as the Magician, Moira Shearer as the Doll, Ludmila Tcherina as the courtesan, Leonide Massine and Pamela Brown. The effect is sometimes disconcerting, particularly in the case of Mr. Helpmann, whose light, nervous style seems ill-matched by a solid bass-baritone. Nevertheless, such a bold experiment must be respected, even if it cannot always be enjoyed. Robert Rounseville as Hoffmann, and Ann Ayars as Antonia, the consumptive, sing their own parts: in each case, excellently.

Opinions will differ violently as to the film's success. Personally, I doubt if it is a great film, but I admit that two-and-a-half hours of visual and aural tumult left me too limp to know. I brought away—and how glad I was to get out into the free air and thin sunlight of an April afternoon!—an impression of size, opulence, giddy speed, kaleidoscope patterns, Technicolor (sometimes soft and sometimes garish), grimacing close-ups, masks, vulgarity, beauty, absurdity, weariness and one supreme good—the sort of playing, under Sir Thomas Beecham, that Offenbach's score deserves and seldom gets.

★

"CAPTAIN HORATIO HORNBLOWER, R.N."

IN the case of *Captain Horatio Hornblower, R.N.*, to say that the film doesn't live up to expectations is a tribute. There was such a hullabaloo raised in certain quarters of this country when it was announced that an American actor, Gregory Peck, was to play C. S. Forester's beloved British sea-dog, and an American actress, Virginia Mayo, had been cast as the wild rose of an English heroine, that we might have been excused for anticipating disaster. It was ludicrous, they said. The film couldn't be in the least like Forester's "Hornblower." But the film is almost exactly like Forester's "Hornblower." And it isn't at all ludicrous. It 's fine.

Captain Horatio Hornblower, R.N., is an adaptation by the author himself of three of his novels. It falls roughly into two even sections. The first half deals with Hornblower's secret mission to one of Spain's South American colonies, with a cargo of arms for a British ally against Napoleon; his engagement with the 60-gunner *El Natibidad*; and his meeting with the Duke of Wellington's sister, Lady Barbara, who comes aboard with an incipient case of swamp-fever, thirteen day-outfits and two very fetching nighties. The second half, joined to the first by brief interludes in Plymouth and London, concerns his adventures in home waters; a running fight off the harbour of La Teste against four French ships of the line; his capture, escape and return to England.

The first part of the film, apart from the incidence of Lady Barbara, seems the more convincing: the French episodes are sometimes suggestive of the exploits of Robin Hood or the Three Musketeers rather than of a commissioned officer acting under orders from Whitehall; but even at its wildest, it is wildly entertaining. The whole thing is held together by Gregory Peck's magnificent picture of Hornblower—"exactly as I imagined him," declares the author, "though perhaps a bit too handsome." It is conceivable that an Englishman could have played the part as well; impossible that anyone could have played it better. I don't think we must cavil too much at Virginia Mayo's odd impersonation of the Duke of Wellington's sister. There are many girls over here who would have looked less charming and whose acting would have been every whit as weak.

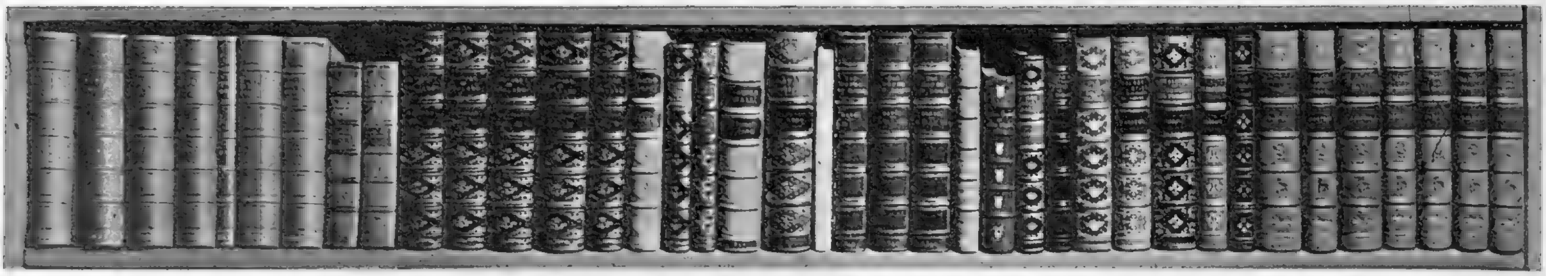
CINEMA ★ ★ ★

PREVIEW

THE setting of *White Corridors* is a hospital in an English country town. Based on a novel by Helen Ashton, the story concerns the lives of the doctors, surgeons and nurses who form the staff—a behind-the-scenes drama woven round their love-affairs, jealousies, ambitions, hopes and despairs. Googie Withers plays the part of Sophie Dean, a brilliant young woman surgeon in love with research pathologist Neil Marriner, played by James Donald. Godfrey Tearle has the rôle of Dr. Groom, the senior surgeon, whose philandering young son, Dick, one of the house surgeons, gets himself into serious trouble through a wrong diagnosis. Jack Watling plays the part of Dick Groom, and Petula Clark also has a leading rôle as a new probationer at the hospital. We should be seeing the film in London shortly.

Right: Joan Shepherd (Petula Clark) gives her pet rabbit into the care of Dr. Neil Marriner (James Donald).

Below: Sophie Dean (Googie Withers; centre) listens while Nurse Clark (Moira Lister; left) tells Dr. Groom (Godfrey Tearle) that it is his son who has made the wrong diagnosis, thus endangering the life of the patient seen on the stretcher.



OUR BOOKSHELF

by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

THE MESH. By Lucie Marchal. (*Heinemann ; 10s. 6d.*)

LONG VACATION. By Michael Harrison. (*Werner Laurie ; 12s. 6d.*)

SOME NINETEENTH-CENTURY GARDENERS. By Geoffrey Taylor (*Skeffingtons ; 9s. 6d.*)

THE ART OF GOOD LIVING. By André Simon. (*Michael Joseph ; 12s. 6d.*)

"THE MESH" is a novel about disagreeable people living in the stuffy circumstances of Belgian middle-class life, which yet has that quality one can only call "haunting." It cannot be put down or easily forgotten. It reveals more and more the harsh and mean characteristics of a small group of people, but the reader becomes avidly, almost desperately, interested in them as their pawky motives are revealed. This is a real triumph for the author. It is her first novel, and has become a best-selling prize-winner in France, and in this able translation by Virgilia Peterson should be well received in England.

The story is of a domineering French mother and her two grown-up children, Madeleine, who is the narrator, and Charles, the crippled son. The mother rules her weak offspring not by open tyranny, but by an absolute power more subtle and more terrible than the vociferous nagging with which such women in fiction usually maintain their authority. As a power and a portent, this cunning, watchful Latin woman makes the loud "mommas" of America look like wailing children. She knows how to use the cruel weapon of ridicule, she can make her children terrified of being left without her support, she can sense and defeat their poor little conspiracies. When Charles rebelliously decides to marry a silly widow with a poor reputation, the mother knows exactly how to deal with a situation she dislikes. She does not come out in the open and forbid the marriage, but simply leaves the flat for a time, aware that this will have the effect she requires. But the author has no tears of sympathy to spare for the pink and flabby woman whom Charles brings home, pitiful though her case may be. The author, in fact, remains cold-bloodedly detached, not even allowing us to like Madeleine, or the old servant, or anyone or anything in the book. She then springs on us an ending which is unexpected, macabre and yet entirely fitting. I recommend this curious and powerful story. It will not make the reader laugh or weep, but if he can finish it without a shudder I shall be surprised.

A SHUDDER, I imagine, is what Mr. Michael Harrison would like us to feel at the more melodramatic situations in his new novel *Long Vacation*. He introduces us to a number of eccentrics and imbeciles living in a seaside town, then plants two schoolboys on holiday among them, one an odiously nice child, the other a greedy bully. This sounds a fruitful situation, and so, indeed, it might have been if Mr. Harrison could be less intolerably verbose, less addicted to the display of ostentatious odds and ends of bookishness and general information, and less determined to reproduce cockney dialect phonetically in page after page of conversation between two servants, inserted, so far as one can see, for the sake of lines like: "Why, 'ark at 'er," and "a bit o' bes' calve's liver," and "carn say as I c'n 'member no one sayin' nothin,' and "they say 'is skin-an'-blister 's worth a millium quid," and so on. A story of sorts runs through the book, but in the opening chapters one promisingly starts half-a-dozen other stories connected with the outrageous creatures presented as boarders or householders in Plantation Road, and most of these more or less fizzle out as the author chuckles to himself over his half-witted men and grasping women, his bald woman buyer for a big stores who is tricked into the loss of her savings, his retired Indian Army officer with a syce, his crippled and profligate heir to a peerage, his acquisitive parson's widow and the rest of his miscellaneous gallery. There is a climax in which death is dealt to the person most deserving of it in the reader's mind, and in his narration of this incident Mr. Harrison once again shows that he can write well when he is not being distracted by his own cleverness. This book might well be put on a representative library list—but rather as an oddity with almost Tristram Shandy-like habits of irrelevance.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE CONSTABLE AND THE LADY.
By John Bude. (*Macdonald ; 8s. 6d.*)

A not unpleasing novelty opens this trim detective story—it is a policeman who is found dead. Thereafter swift movement and a good solution.

CORK ON THE WATER.
By Macdonald Hastings. (*Michael Joseph ; 9s. 6d.*)

This, too, opens with an unusual corpse-finding, and swings into an unusually good mystery. There is a strong angling interest delightfully conveyed.

SHE WAS ALWAYS THERE.
By Mary Dunstan. (*Heinemann ; 10s. 6d.*)

A most telling and affectionate portrait of a favourite fiction character—the old nurse. So often caricatured or crudely drawn, she is here not only true and alive but the pivot of a good story.

NO ARMS, NO ARMOUR.
By Robert Henriques. (*Collins ; 10s. 6d.*)

Reprint of a novel of 1939.

GOLDEN GATES.
By Joseph Cabot. (*Museum Press ; 9s. 6d.*)

Caribbean goings-on in the late eighteenth century told pleasantly but with no particular distinction.

I THINK that most people, whether gardeners or not, will "take to" this delightful small book on a most neglected subject, *Some Nineteenth-Century Gardens*, and feel that Mr. Taylor is well entitled to have his essays presented thus, with charming endpapers and decorations to the text by Philip Gough, and even to his own, occasionally, Third Programme manner of writing. His publishers point out the fact, which I for one had not previously realised, that, although the English are a race of gardeners, our literature on the subject is meagre in proportion to our interest. Most of us have heard of "Capability" Brown, for instance, and of two of Mr. Taylor's three subjects, John Claudius Loudon and William Robinson. But only those of more specialised knowledge, I believe, will know much of Reginald Farrer, the hero of his other study, who lived until 1920 and wrote novels, as well as *The English Rock Garden*. Mr. Taylor does the same for each of these three men—tells the story of their lives and then writes of their influence on the development of gardening in England. He recalls Loudon's advocacy of what he called "breathing zones" round London, which foreshadowed the green-belt scheme; and of Robinson's lifelong warfare with the partisans of "bedding out"—a warfare which has still reached no decisive armistice, though Robinson died in 1935, at the age of ninety-five.

Of Mr. Taylor's three gardeners, Farrer seems the most interesting, though he did not seek to change a system. He travelled to remote places in search of experience and of plants, came down from Oxford to leave for Japan, where he remained for eight months—a sojourn afterwards recalled in *The Garden of Asia*. He visited Korea and Peking, and after returning to England to publish several books, set out for Ceylon. He unsuccessfully contested an election as a Liberal in 1911, then left for what he called "a cheap little humble trip round the Graian, Cottian and Maritime Alps," which produced *Among the Hills*. He was in Tibet or China when the First World War started, and continued his journey in search of botanical specimens described in his *On the Eaves of the World*. This expedition also produced *Gentiana farreri*, his most notable addition to European flora. He died on yet another journey in Burma in 1918. Excellently though Mr. Taylor writes of these three men, the slightness of his book leaves one a little unsatisfied. There is so much of interest in his subject that it is to be hoped that he will return to it in greater detail.

M. ANDRÉ SIMON'S *The Art of Good Living*, though "unsatisfied" would be an unforgivable word to use in connection with it, is suggestive rather than comprehensive. It is a book to read rather than a reference book, though one of its features will be found invaluable to many readers: a gastronomic vocabulary which sets out the significance of all those occult *à la's* which crowd the menu. *A l'Algérienne*, for example, meaning with tomatoes, rice and globe artichokes; *à la Fécampoise*, nostalgically, with mussels and shrimps; and so on. The wine glossary which follows is no less useful, and includes vintages from South Africa and Yugoslavia, from Chile and Argentina, which are rarely known outside their own countries. Even when M. Simon writes as he does here, with his usual gusto, on food and explains the best wine to accompany each dish, one cannot help feeling that he has reversed their importance in his mind. "Fish," he writes peremptorily, "is far too watery a creature to blend happily with wine," and goes on to say that there is no need to waste time on "such fish as Cod, Haddock, Herring, Mackerel or Shad." He concedes the sole and certain other fish, but is happier in matching poultry, game and meat with their appropriate wines. As in his previous books, he speaks with authority and grace.

Deer Mummy...

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WHAT GOES ON

Our Puppets Select Their List of Coming Events

★ *This List went to Press last week, so please check with the Daily Papers.*

CEREMONY

May 10. The King and Queen will hold an afternoon Presentation Party at Buckingham Palace.

May 15. Princess Elizabeth will perform the reopening ceremony of the Guildhall.

May 19. Princess Elizabeth will attend historical pageant at Arundel Castle, to be presented by the Sussex Association of Mixed Clubs and Girls' Clubs as their Festival contribution.

May 22. The King and Queen will visit the Chelsea Flower Show in the Royal Hospital Gardens.

May 22. Princess Margaret will attend a dance at Claridge's Hotel in aid of the Sunshine Homes for Blind Babies.

May 23. The King and Queen, with Princess Margaret, will visit the London Stock Exchange.

ENGAGEMENTS

Lieut. Henry Victor **Bruce**, R.N., son of Capt. the Hon. John and Mrs. Bruce, of Itchen Lodge, Itchen Abbas, Hants, and Helen, daughter of Vice-Admiral and Mrs. Peveril **William-Powlett**, of Malta, and 54, Cranmer Court, S.W.3.

The Hon. Fiennes Neil Wykeham **Cornwallis**, only son of Lord Cornwallis of Hall Land, Slinfold, Horsham, and the late Lady Cornwallis, and Agnes Jean Russell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Russell **Landale**, of Ewell Manor, West Farleigh, Maidstone.

Capt. the Hon. Rupert **Strutt**, Coldstream Guards, youngest son of Lord and Lady Belper, of Kingston Hall, Nottinghamshire, and Felicity, younger daughter of Capt. the Hon. Francis and Mrs. **Erskine**, of 5m, Portman Mansions, London, W.1.

Mr. Jeremy **Benson**, youngest son of Mr. Guy and Lady Violet Benson, of Walpole House, Chiswick Mall, London, W.4, and Patricia Ann, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. James Duff **Stewart**, of Bronant, Cobham, Surrey.

Mr. John Wilson **Smith**, Royal Horse Artillery, son of the late Capt. W. H. W. Smith, M.C., R.F.A., of Colebrooke Park, Tonbridge, Kent, and of Mrs. W. H. W. Smith, of Thompsons Farm House, Golden Green, Tonbridge, and June, only daughter of the late Sir Mackenzie **Ross**, and of Lady Ross, of 218, Kew Road, Richmond, Surrey.

Mr. Albert W. **Schiff**, of 50, Sloane Street, S.W.1, and Mavourneen, younger daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. D. **Bingham**, D.S.O., 15/19 Hussars, and of the Hon. Mrs. Bingham (temporary address: Stratton House, Cirencester).

Mr. Raymund **de Trafford**, youngest son of the late Sir Humphrey and Lady de Trafford, and Eve, eldest daughter of Mr. George **Drummond**, and the late Mrs. George Drummond.

SPORT

RACING

May 14, 15, and 25, 26. Hurst Park.
May 16, 17. Salisbury.
May 18, 19. Lingfield.
May 22, 23, 24. Newmarket, Second Spring Meeting.
May 23, 24. Bath.
May 28, 29. Wolverhampton.
May 29, 30, 31 and June 1. EPSOM. The Derby, The Oaks.

GENERAL SPORT

CRICKET: Middlesex *v.* Sussex at Lord's, May 12. Middlesex *v.* Worcester at Lord's, May 16. M.C.C. *v.* South Africans at Lord's, May 19. Middlesex *v.* Hampshire at Lord's, May 23.

GOLF: The Walker Cup match (Great Britain *v.* U.S.A.), Birkdale golf course, Southport, Lancs, May 11, 12. The Amateur Golf Championship, Royal Porthcawl G.C., Glamorgan, May 21.

OTHER EVENTS: The Royal Windsor Horse Show in the Home Park, May 10, 11, 12. International Car Race Meeting, Goodwood, Sussex, May 14.

ENTERTAINMENT

THEATRE NEWCOMERS

"Cæsar and Cleopatra" (St. James's)—Shaw's play, with Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier; May 10. Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra," May 11.

"A Sleep of Prisoners" (at St. Thomas's Church, Regent Street)—by Christopher Fry, with Denholm Elliott. May 15.

"Fancy Free" (Prince of Wales)—a Tommy Trinder show with Tommy Trinder and Pat Kirkwood. May 16.

"Hamlet" (New)—with Alec Guinness and star cast. May 17.

"The Lyric Revue" (Lyric, Hammersmith)—with Joan Heal, Roberta Huby and Graham Payn. About May 23.

"The Thistle and the Rose"—a historical drama by William Douglas Home, with Hugh Burden as James IV. West End mid-May.

"London Melody" (Empress Hall, Earls Court)—a new musical, with skating and swimming star Belita. May 31.

"The Three Sisters" (Aldwych)—Celia Johnson, Margaret Leighton, Renée Asherson, Ralph Richardson, Harcourt Williams, and Diana Churchill. Festival production.

MUSIC

At the Royal Festival Hall:

May 11. Claud Arrau Piano Recital.

May 12. Joan Hammond Song Recital.

May 13. B.B.C. Choral Society and B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra. Conductor, Sir Malcolm Sargent.

May 17. London Philharmonic Orchestra, London Philharmonic Choir. Conductor, Sir Adrian Boult.

May 18. B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra. Conductor, Pierre Monteux. Solomon.

May 20. London Symphony Orchestra. Conductor, Sir Malcolm Sargent.

May 21. Philharmonia Orchestra. Conductor, Sir Malcolm Sargent. Solo violin: Heifetz.

May 25, 26. The Hallé Orchestra. Conductor, Sir John Barbirolli.

May 27. London Symphony Orchestra. Conductor, Sir Malcolm Sargent. Solo pianoforte: Eileen Joyce.

May 28. London Philharmonic Orchestra. Conductor, Anatole Fistoulari.

OPERA

At Royal Opera House, Covent Garden: Two cycles of *The Ring*, conducted by Karl Rankl, continue during May. Two performances of "Fidelio," May 16 and 21, with Flagstad. "La Bohème," May 15. "Carmen," May 17. "La Traviata," May 19. "Il Trovatore," May 26. Guest artists include Kirsten Flagstad, Joan Hammond, Elizabeth Schwarzkopf, Hjordis Schymberg, Hans Hotter.

At Glyndebourne, Sussex:

Whitsuntide concerts, with the Boyd Neel Orchestra, and distinguished soloists.

BALLET

The Sadler's Wells Ballet end their present season at the Royal Opera House on May 12, returning July 3 for a further season.

Festival Ballet at the Stoll Theatre. Markova, Dolin, Riabouchinska, Krassovska, Gilpin. For nine weeks.

ART

Royal Academy 183rd Summer Exhibition, Burlington House (till Aug. 26).

At the Victoria and Albert Museum: Centenary Exhibition of the Great Exhibition of 1851. Until Oct. 11.

Sculpture and Drawings by Henry Moore, at the Tate Gallery. Until July 29.

Portraits and Paintings by Sir Oswald Birley, at R.I. Galleries, 195, Piccadilly. Until May 30.

1951 Exhibition of Dutch and Flemish Masters, in aid of Musicians' Benevolent Fund, at 30, Old Bond Street, W.1. Until July 7.

Twenty Brook Street: "Modern Masters and Artists of To-day." May 22 for four weeks.

Early Victorian Tinsel Pictures of Theatrical Favourites, at 35, Curzon Street, W.1. May 10.

New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington Street, W.1.: Festival Exhibition of British Painting, 1929-50. Until June 9.

Open-air Exhibition of Sculpture in Battersea Park. May till Sept.

OTHER EXHIBITIONS

Historic Plate of the City of London, at Goldsmiths' Hall, Foster Lane, Cheapside, E.C.2. Until June 16.

National Sporting Trophies, at Hutchinson House, Stratford Street, W.1. Until September.

Masterpieces of Victorian Photography, at the Victoria and Albert Museum. Until Oct. 11.

SOCIAL EVENTS

The "England Ball," in aid of the 25th Anniversary Jubilee Appeal of the Council for the Preservation of Rural England, in the Great Room, Grosvenor House, on May 17.

The London Territorial Army Ball will be held at the Junior United Service Club on May 18. Cabaret, midnight reel, Tommy Kinsman's band.

The Flower Ball at the Savoy, in aid of St. Loyes College for the Training and Rehabilitation of the Disabled, on May 22. Princess Elizabeth will attend.

A Dinner-Ball at Claridge's on May 22 in aid of the Sunshine Fund for Blind Babies and Children. Princess Margaret will attend.

The Navy League annual dinner-ball at the Dorchester on May 22.

The Royal Caledonian Ball in the Great Room, Grosvenor House, on May 25, in aid of various charities connected with the Highlands.

A Ball at Hutchinson House, Stratford Place, W.1, in aid of the National Sports Development Fund, on May 28. Princess Margaret will attend.

ENGAGEMENTS

Capt. the Hon. Rupert Strutt, Coldstream Guards, and his fiancée, Miss Felicity Erskine. See opposite page.

Lenare.

Miss Mavourneen Bingham, who has announced her engagement to Mr. Robert Schiff. See opposite page.

Lady Caroline Montagu-Douglas-Scott, who has announced her engagement to Mr. Ian Hedworth Gilmour.

Fayer.

Miss Fiona Elizabeth Greig, who is to marry Mr. Richard Killingworth Hedges on May 29.

Yevonde.

Miss Lilian Clare Thomson, who is marrying Mr. Jan de Villiers in June.

Dorothy Wilding.

Miss Jill Maclean, who is to marry Mr. Jake Ritsema on May 19.

Peter North.

Mr. Michael Paxton, son of Air Vice-Marshal Sir Anthony and Lady Paxton, and his fiancée, Miss Jean Hammond.

Miss June Ross, who has announced her engagement to Mr. John Wilson Smith. See opposite page.

ENTERTAINMENT

Pat Kirkwood is in *Fancy Free*, opening at the Prince of Wales on May 16. See opposite page.

Hugh Burden plays the lead in *The Thistle and the Rose*, which opens at the Vaudeville on May 15. See opposite page.

Kirsten Flagstad, whose last Covent Garden season begins on May 16 until June 30.

Houston Rogers.

Ballet dancer Prudence Hyman plays Titania in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* at Regent's Park Open Air Theatre on May 21.

Alec Guinness plays the name-part in the Festival production of *Hamlet* at the New Theatre on May 17. See opposite page.

McBean.

Roberta Huby is in "The Lyric Revue," due at the Lyric, Hammersmith, on May 23. See opposite page.

Denholm Elliott plays the leading part in *A Sleep of Prisoners* on May 15. See opposite page.

Vivienne.

Heather Stannard plays Doll Tearsheet in *Henry IV.*, which comes into the repertory at Stratford this week.

VARIATIONS ON A SPOTTED THEME

Including a Model Specially Designed for "The Sketch"

By Veronica Lee

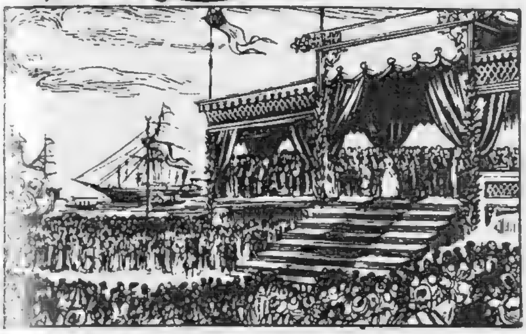
DOTS, spots, coins or circles—the bigger the better this summer. Here are two frocks featuring the larger type of polka dot which are suitable for most of the season's smart occasions.

Above: Herbert Sidon specially designed this lovely model for *The Sketch*. He makes the top and apron of *changeant* taffeta, the skirt and apron edging of black organza, the petticoat of black taffeta and the big bow of black velvet; and he will make it for you at his salon at 24, Sloane Street, for forty-five guineas.

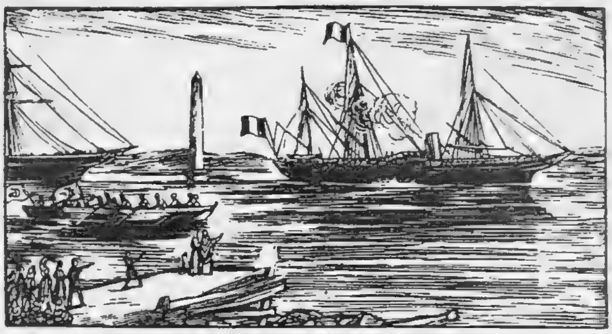
Left: Lady-in-Black creates this model—glamorously named "Sensation"—in screen-printed organza in two colour variations, navy ground with off-white polka dots or off-white ground with navy dots, and both with a navy poult slip. Obtainable in Barker's model gown department or from Meda Sports in Bond Street at around eighteen guineas.

The Empress Eugénie opens the Suez Canal

AN EPISODE BASED ON HISTORICAL FACT



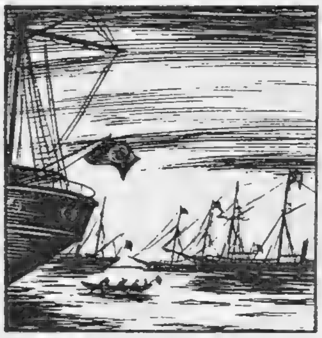
Port Said in 1869—and the African sun streams down on the brilliant inaugural ceremony at which the Empress Eugénie of France formally opens the Suez Canal, just ten years after the first spadeful of sand was turned.



The next day, 68 vessels under many flags begin the hundred-mile passage from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea. The flotilla is led by the Imperial yacht, the "Aigle," with the Empress on board.

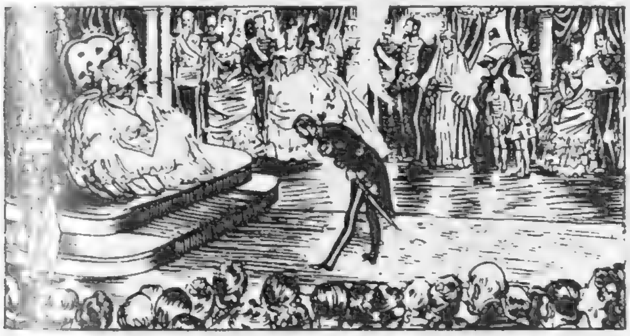
In torrid Egypt, as in Paris, her refreshing toilet water—Jean Marie Farina Eau de Cologne—brings cool solace.

On the first day, the Empress and her attendant convoy reach Ismailia, on Lake Timsa. Half the journey is completed, and the ships' companies are in high spirits.



After a day's halt for celebrations, the journey is resumed, and the next evening the pioneer fleet foregathers in the Bitter Lakes.

Another twenty-four hours brings the vessels to Suez, and the dream of de Lesseps has come true—the neck of Africa has been crossed by ship for the first time.



Throughout the ordeal of the voyage across the desert, which even now can be trying to temper and complexion, the Empress has retained the elegance and charm for which she is renowned; for she has made frequent and lavish use of Jean Marie Farina Eau de Cologne.

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By Veronica Lee

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Right: The matching slacks and waistcoat are in lincord in ice-blue, red or snuff, each about 4½ guineas; the beach bag is made in the same material and colours at a guinea; the shoes are also by Wetherall in either lincord or corduroy with a leather sole at 5½ guineas.

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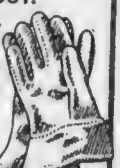

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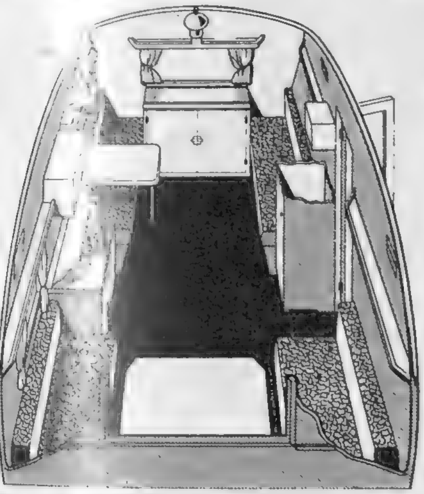

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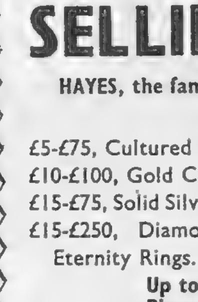

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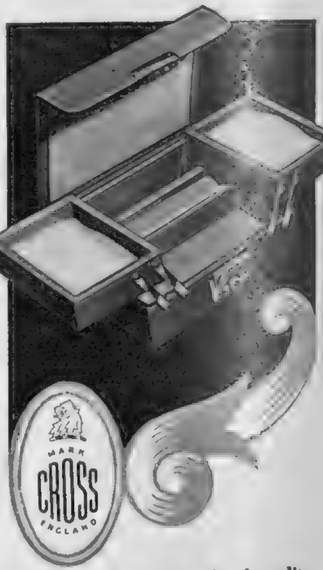

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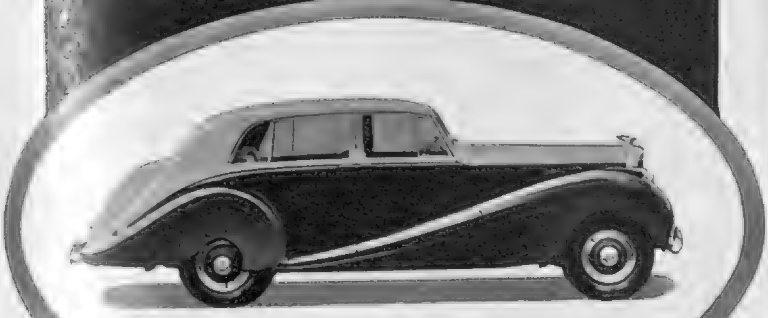

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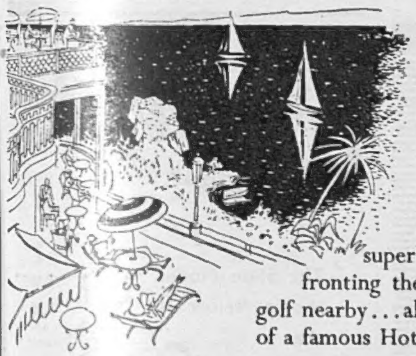

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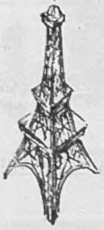

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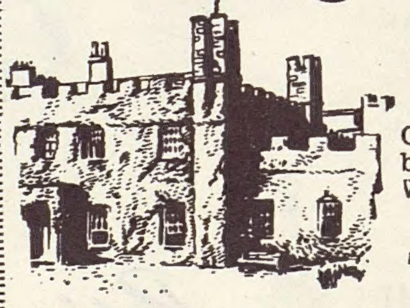

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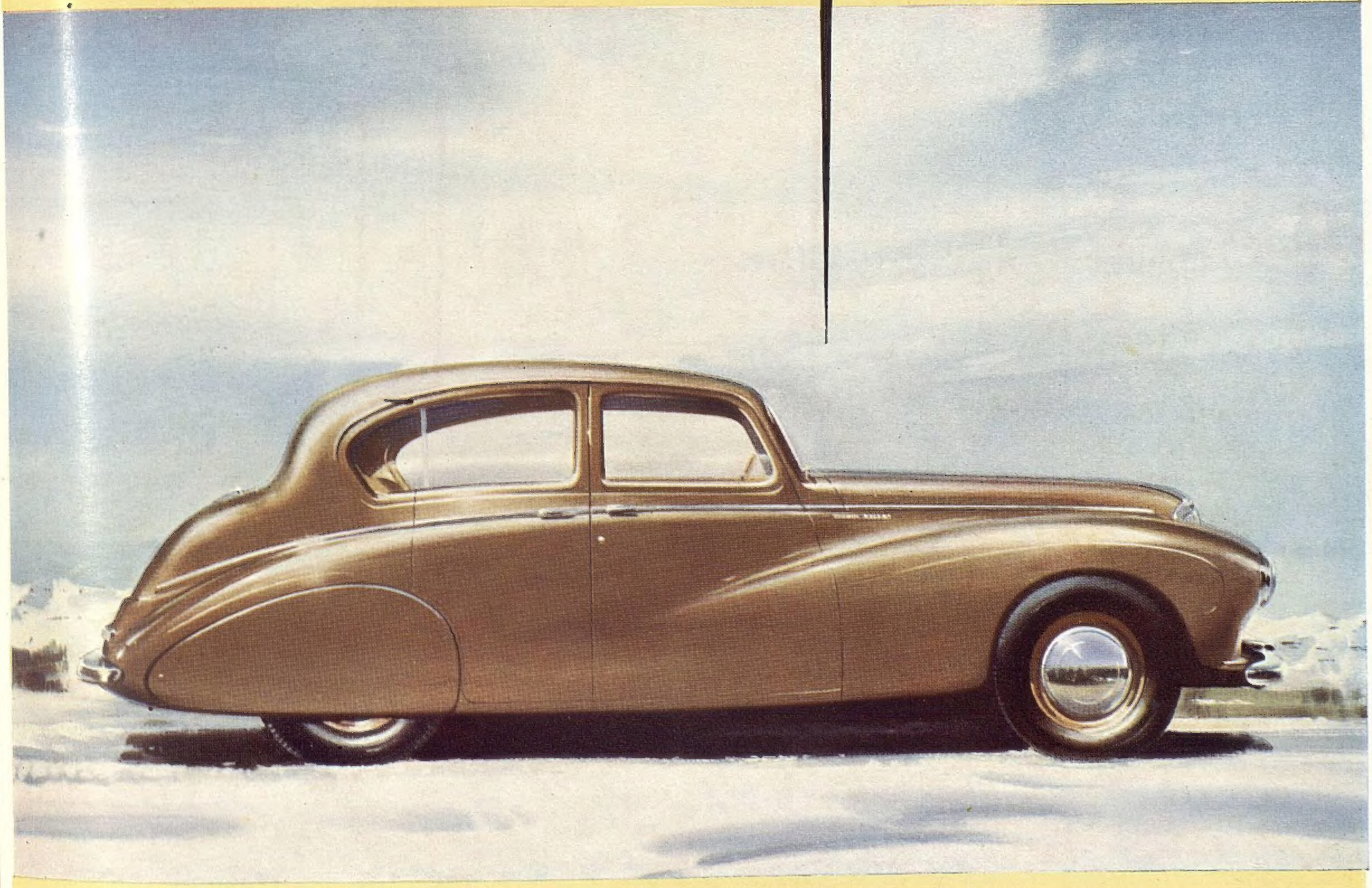

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